

HARRY·WILLIAM·BURRUSS

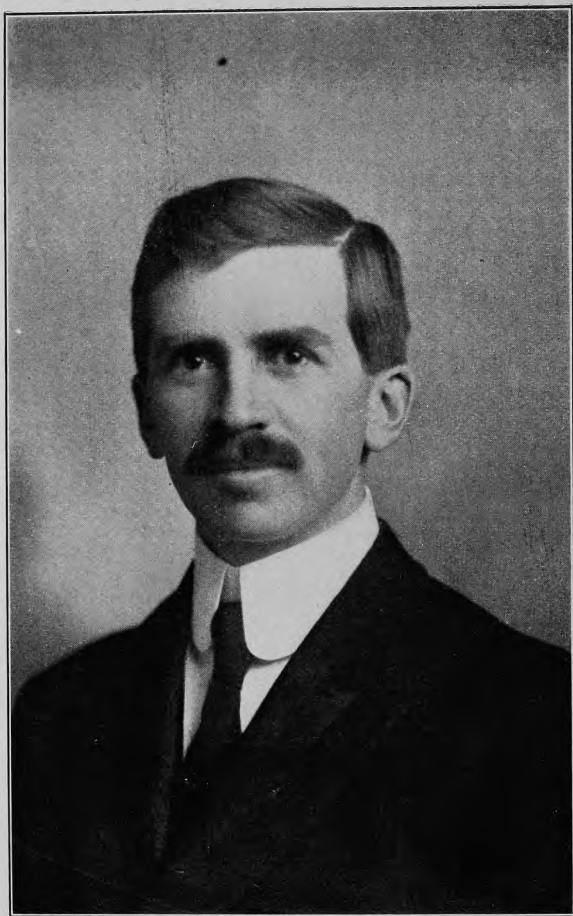
A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE



REV. HARRY WILLIAM BURRUSS

Baltimore, Maryland, April 27, 1872

Gaithersburg, Maryland, April 27, 1909



Harry H. Durrance

Harry William Burruss

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BY

Mrs. Mary Schey Burruss



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To the many friends and relatives who have remembered me most tenderly in my sorrow with expressions of sympathy and comfort, and acts of kindness, which I find it impossible to acknowledge in every instance, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

“Grey, grey the dawn—the day we two were parted.
Noon bro’t no light, no light on land or sea;
Night hid her stars—around me darkness gathered,
Chill blew the wind that bore my love from me.

Now through each day I see you stand beside me;
Shadowed my path, your smile can help and cheer;
Mine still in dreams, you whisper, “Love, I’m waiting,”
Time seems not long when I your voice may hear.

Bright be the day—the day you come to meet me.
Skies may be dark—we’ll laugh the gloom away;
Chill blow the winds—we two will stand unheeding;
All else may frown, so Love but smile and stay.”

If the life that has gone out has been like music, full of concords, full of sweetness, richness, delicacy, truth—then there are two ways to look at it: one is to say, “I have not lost it,” another to say, “Blessed be God that I have had it so long.”

—*Beecher.*

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PREFACE.

There have come numerous calls for copies of papers containing the tributes to my husband which have appeared from time to time, and I have been led to have these published in permanent form with my own tribute. Of making many books there is truly no end, and it is no distinction to add anything to the world's supply of reading matter in this day, but strong Christian character is always at a premium, and the memorials of such a life as Harry W. Burruss' should be preserved that many may read, and as they read, be led to loftier planes of living. Especially for boys and any young men who may feel a call to the ministry of the Gospel is this volume prepared. And may the little ones in the home, when they come to years and read these pages know more of the father who loved them so devotedly and strive to emulate his life. This alone is the motive that has prompted in the preparation of this book, and it goes forth with the prayer that it may accomplish that whereunto it is sent.

I am indebted to many for help in my work; to teachers and college mates for information concerning academy and college life; to Mr. Burruss' brother-in-law, Rev. J. Harry Smith,

for helpful suggestions; to my sister for type-writing manuscript—writing and rewriting so patiently without a word of complaint; to the loved ones in the home who have lightened my domestic labors—especially one who has borne the burden in the heat of the day and now as she sits in the evening of life is still ministering to others; to the neighbors who have served in many ways, and to contractors and numerous friends who have made the arduous work of building a house easier for me. May we all be united in that spiritual building, the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

MARY SCHEY BURRUSS.

TWO MEMORIES

'About twelve years ago I called at a home in Baltimore to spend a few moments with an aged and saintly friend. I was told at the door that a young ministerial student and some friends were then holding a prayer-meeting in her room, and an invitation was given me to join them. I did not accept this invitation, but sat by the parlor window until the meeting closed and the party went out and stood talking in little groups about the door. I had never seen the leader of this meeting, but I had no difficulty in locating him. As he stood with his back turned towards me, his hand grasping the arm of a friend, every movement of this youthful, even boyish-looking-man indicated a man with a purpose in life, a man desperately in earnest about something. That memory of him will never fade.

And with that memory there comes another. The closed eyelids; the silent lips; the folded hands; the feet no longer swift to run on errands for the Christ! The empty casket; the spirit with his Lord! The first and the last!

“What shall I do with all the days and years
That must be counted ere I see thy face?

How shall I charm the interval that towers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing?—shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretense
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims and consecrate to thee
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one, art away from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes
pains."

EARLY DAYS

“The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.”

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE

Our first glimpse of Harry William Burruss is at six weeks old. Nothing remarkable looking about him—just a baby! But the joy in mother's face as she sits to be photographed with the first boy in her arms! And father shows his pride by repeating the photographing at very frequent intervals, until Harry is capable of having himself photographed.

This baby's parents were Henry Ledbrooke and Hannah Burruss. From his energetic, upright father, and noble self-sacrificing little mother, he inherited strong, manly traits of character, which are the finest assets with which a boy can begin life.

His maternal grand-parents died early and he did not know them. But he knew his father's parents, and they were good people; and that is a great thing for a boy. How sweet to every child are the memories of grandfather's house! Grandfather would always grant us some special privilege, and grandmother could do some wonderful thing, which had become a lost art in our time.

I remember how my own grandmother would peel an apple or any other fruit, without break-

ing the peeling. The peeling was thin and long, and the fruit so smooth and beautiful when she had finished it. This was a most marvellous accomplishment in my childish eyes, and if I could only be allowed to stand by and watch the process and have an occasional mellow piece handed out to me, my happiness knew no bounds.

Harry Burruss often spoke of what grandmother did and said. When he was discouraged over anything and said "I can't," grandmother would say, "Not can't, my boy, but try, try." And the little fellow would go on with his task repeating "If at first you don't succeed try, try again."

Grandmother also had a habit of saying every morning to a little granddaughter in her home—

"Martha, when you first opened your eyes this morning did you thank the Lord for taking care of you during the night?" So often did she ask this question, that it became a fixed habit in this child's life to always return thanks to her Creator and Protector the first thing upon awaking every morning.

And when you ask another tot, "Who took care of you last night, baby?" with her finger pointed heavenward, she answers "Dod."

"And what did you say to 'Dod,' darling?"

"Ta ta" (thank you).

So grandmother's early morning message

will live on, and on, and on. Who can estimate the power of a little thing in the life of a child?

Older, consecrated sisters, too, threw around him an influence which was a potent factor in molding his character. He often said "I have the best sisters in the world."

His third sister, Minnie, Mrs. George Schaffer, died in 1895, while he was a student at Randolph Macon Academy. She was the only one of the girls who was not converted early in life. Her brother was deeply concerned for her and many prayers did he offer in her behalf. And how his heart rejoiced, when towards the close of her life she called her husband with their babies to her bedside and asked him to meet her in heaven.

THE BOY

Some one said of him, "Harry was always a little different from other boys." And yet he was a genuine boy. He played marbles; spun tops; picked eggs; did not like to practice his music lessons; got his face very dirty, cried when it was washed, which made him have real sympathy for every other little boy and girl who had to be washed.

And once, but only once, he was known to "hook" school. He found out that the few hours' sport with "the boys" did not pay for the remorse of conscience he afterwards suffered, and he resolved never to do this again.

And his boyhood, too, was not without some thrilling adventure. He and one of his sisters went for a drive one day. He put the wrong harness on the horse. The horse ran away, broke the shaft and was hurt so badly that it died before it could be taken home. It was a distressed and deeply humiliated boy who went back to father and confessed the accident, for he had been told not to use this harness. It is said that father did not scold, only said "Son, I am glad you were not killed, let it be a lesson to you." In recent years this same sister was



THE LITTLE NEWSBOY.

visiting his home and he again took her for a drive. She went, but confided to one on her return, that this experience was still fresh in her memory, and that the best part of a drive with Harry was when she was safe at home.

His playmates had to be very quick in their sports to be congenial companions. He said of a certain boy, "I never liked to play with him, he was too slow." The habit of doing with his might what his hands found to do followed him through life. He wasn't big enough to divide.

A merchant about to employ a boy asked him whether he was a whole boy or half boy, whether he would get all of his time or only part of it. "Do you like base ball?" the man asked.

"Yes, sir, I like base ball first rate, but when I'm here I'm all here, and when I'm through here I'll be all there. I a'int big enough to divide."

The difference between Harry Burruss and some other boys, was, that he always acted from principle. His word was his bond. When he made a promise he could be depended upon to keep it. And he was popular with the boys, too, because he was unselfish and thoughtful of others, and always had a nice way of doing the right thing. Some good people are lacking in this latter quality, consequently they never win you.

He had all the ambitions peculiar to childhood. He wanted to be a street car conductor, because this gentleman seemed to always have plenty of money. Then the corner store, with its tempting array of fruits and sweets, was very attractive. He and one of his brothers would form a partnership, and he swelled with pride as he thought of

BURRUSS BROTHERS.

And the busy life of an express wagon driver also had a fascination for him. 'Tis said that a wheelbarrow bearing

H. BURRUSS, FOR HIRE

may still be found in the neighborhood of his boyhood home.

Early in life he manifested marked business ability. Many an honest penny did he earn on Saturdays and holidays. At five years old this chubby-faced, rosy-cheeked boy could be seen trudging the street with an armful of papers,—"Sun—American—Herald" or "News-Extra." When the papers were all gone—we cannot imagine him going back with any left-overs—he would return home the proud possessor of a pocket-full of pennies.

His father owned the Frederick Avenue and Catonsville route for the "Baltimore Sun." While at the public school, Harry helped him to deliver the papers every morning. This early exercise in the fresh air acted as a tonic for

him, and to it he attributed largely his good health during his entire life.

He is enterprising in his business schemes—full of resources; the market dull in one line he is quick to branch out into something else. Now the little boy's wheelbarrow is piled high with the "Red Ripe Anne Arundel Tomatoes" which are retailed at a profit. On a sultry summer day it is the refreshing "Ice-cold-lemonade-cent-a-glass" temptingly offered to passers-by.

Then a bushel of peanuts is bought, put up in small packages and loaded on the wheelbarrow. He takes his stand where he can catch the market trade. "Fresh-roasted-peanuts—five cents-a-bag," he cheerily calls above the city din.

If the trade did not come his way he would take his wares down into the market and persuade some hungry butchers, may be, that he had just the thing for them. And in later years he applied this method to his work in saving men. If they did not heed the Gospel call, he would go out after them and constrain them to come.

The fall of 1884 marked an epoch in his life. During a revival in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church South, Baltimore, conducted by Rev. George Smith, of Georgia, he was converted and joined this church, the church where he had started to Sunday-school when he was

two years old. From henceforth there is a "new song in his mouth even praise unto his God."

With Jacob he said "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." And this vow he faithfully performed unto the end, giving far beyond his tenth.

A letter written him by his Sunday-school teacher at this time will be of interest to some.

BALTIMORE, MD., *Nov. 7, 1885.*

MY DEAR LITTLE SCHOLAR:

As my domestic duties prevent me coming to see you, I thought I would just write you a few lines to let you know how delighted and happy I am at the noble step you have taken, in coming out on the Lord's side and giving your heart to Christ in the days of your youth; and each day do I remember you before the Throne of Grace, and pray our Heavenly Father to watch over and keep you faithful unto the end. Never be ashamed of your Master; remember his words, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." You will find many thorns in your path, and temptations on every side; but remember our Saviour likewise was tempted yet without sin. The sin is not in being tempted, but in yielding to temptation. Keep close to the side of Christ, don't neglect your closet, remember the soul needs as much food as the body. You and I are the only Christians in the class, so we must use our influence and save the others.

Accept these few words of advice from a devoted teacher and one who feels a deep interest in you. I am afraid I will not be able to be out Sunday morning, but will try and get you a substitute.

May God watch over and keep you in the narrow way is the prayer of your teacher.

BUSINESS CAREER

In 1886 Harry Burruss left school and took a nine-months' course at Sadler's Bryant & Stratton Business College to fit himself for a business career, to which he seemed so admirably adapted. Leaving the Business College, he obtained a position with the Red "C" Oil Company, which he held for one year. The following year he worked for his father on the newspaper route. In 1889 he applied for a position as book-keeper with the "Baltimore American." He found the place involved Sunday work and refused it. After the lapse of some time, he was sent for and offered the same position without the Sunday work, which he accepted.

Setting up bulletins in shaded hand-writing was a special line of work with a daily newspaper, and required some skill to perform. The young book-keeper spent his leisure moments practicing this style of writing, and so proficient did he become, that he was frequently called on to set up the bulletins in "rush" times. A boy who used so well his leisure moments was entitled to an advance. There was a vacancy at the cashier's desk. "Burruss,



THE MIDDLETON COLLECTION PHOTOGRAPHY.

that place is yours” said the head of the department. “It pays more money, but you will *have* to work on Sunday, and the Sunday work is the heavier on account of the larger number of papers handled on that day.”

But “Burruss” was firm in the stand he had taken on this question, and remained at his same desk.

In all his business career the record is, that he was not only the faithful, conscientious workman, but an inspiration and blessing to those about him. One very near to him said “One of the secrets of his success was, that he never went to work without first having a talk with God and Bible reading. When he came home at noon, no matter how hurried he was, he would run up to his room, close and lock the door and get down on his knees. He would spend less time eating in order to have time to sit at the feet of Jesus. “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

Some extracts from a Journal which he kept reveal something of the spirit of Harry Burruss. While they bear the stamp of youth, they show a type of piety unusual in a boy of seventeen.

“December 31, 1891.

Resolve 1.

That I shall, at all times and under whatever

conditions I am placed, try to be submissive to the will of my God. "Thy will be done."

Resolve 2.

That I shall do more for my Master's cause the coming year than ever before; God my helper, I shall win souls for his kingdom: that I shall let my light shine for Christ; that I shall be of service to the church; that I shall instruct those in the Sunday-school entrusted to my care; that I shall be an earnest Christian Endeavorer; and all these I shall do in the spirit of prayer, and shall perform all these more earnestly than ever before.

John 15: 5 last clause.

Resolve 3.

That I shall work in the interest of "The American" as far as is consistent with God's will, and shall endeavor to please those about me in the discharge of my several duties more than ever before.

Romans 12: 11.

Resolve 4.

That inasmuch as it is my privilege that I shall grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, that I shall improve my opportunities to the honor of God and to the up-building of his kingdom.

HARRY BURRUSS."

The years spent in business were not lost

time by any means. Every hour spent in business training, every bit of knowledge acquired, was afterwards utilized in the service of his Lord.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY

It is not singular that God should call the busy, successful men into his service instead of those standing idle in the market place.

“Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian”: when the voice from the burning bush said “Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharoah, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel out of Egypt.”

“And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, there remaineth yet the youngest, and behold he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, send and fetch him; for we will not sit down till he come hither. And the Lord said, arise, anoint him; for this is he.”

And way back yonder in the days when the Midianites oppressed Israel, a man named Gideon threshed wheat by the winepress. “And the Lord looked upon him and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites.”

Just as clearly came the call to a young man as day by day he faithfully worked at his book-keeper's desk. Like Moses and Gideon, he felt

his weakness. He saw the many barriers in the way of preparation, and heard the voice of the tempter trying to turn him from his purpose. But the other voice said "go," "certainly I will be with thee."

He resigned his position and went, and when he did so his employer said, "Burruss, when you get tired of preaching come back; your place is open for you. But "Burruss" never grew tired of preaching. Weary oft-times in the Master's service, but never weary of it.

Loving hands packed his trunk, sprinkling the garments with their tears, for Harry will be sorely missed in this home. Some time in November, 1892, he kissed these loved ones good-bye and started for Randolph Macon Academy at Front Royal, Virginia.

And God did lead him step by step, and open the way so wondrously before him, as he has done for thousands of others. It is the same old story of faith and prayer. Sometimes the way would be dark; board bill in arrears; clothes shabby; so many things needed, but that bank never failed; the money always came.

One time, particularly, Harry Burruss needed money so very badly. He prayed earnestly. Not long afterwards the answer came in the form of a check. He did not wait to get home from the post office to thank the Lord, but found

a secluded place in the woods, and got down on his knees and returned thanks.

The experience of two students at Randolph Macon College, before the days of Harry Burruss, is helpful. One needed just twenty-five dollars to meet some pressing obligations. He prayed and the exact amount came from a person whom he did not know. The other one prayed for sixty-dollars, the amount he needed. A check soon came for sixty dollars.

“My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus, our Lord.”

ACADEMY DAYS

A party of guests sat at dinner in the spacious dining hall of the Randolph Macon Academy during a Sunday-school Convention. A minister present asked a young professor recently graduated from Randolph Macon College if he knew Harry Burruss, and how he was getting on. "Harry is not a brilliant student, but he is a hard worker and he is making it" was the answer. "A sanctified plodder," the minister's wife commented.

In a letter to his father about this time he writes:—"It reminds me somewhat of a blacksmith who hammers away all day long at his anvil, not thinking of his arm, but before long he finds himself with a very strong arm. I have not become brilliant, I do not aim to be that, but the daily drill, the hammering away so constantly will cause the mind to get stronger. It is slow work but it is sure work."

Entering the Academy late in the term, and having been out of school for some years, he was somewhat handicapped at the beginning and had to work hard in his classes. He soon "caught up" however, and 'twas not long before both faculty and students saw that Harry

Burruss' sphere was not confined to the Academy class-room, though he felt he was serving God as truly when studying Greek, Latin and mathematics as when preaching the Gospel. He began to look about for things to do, and he found them. He was the leader in the Branch Williams case, to which reference is made elsewhere in this book. D. W. Griffin, afterwards his brother-in-law, was another one of the "four volunteers." A tract published by him, gives the details.

"It was an afternoon among the old Virginia hills, which the autumn had lately robed in sombre grey. The harvest was almost past. 'Twas holiday Monday among the students; and four volunteers, seeking the lost, were seen to go out toward the hills. Up the road across the fields, down a winding path, a mountain on either side, and they are two miles from the institution, and among the haunts of wild animals. Just ahead a lone log hut appears. "That's the place," said the one who had discovered the need. All hearts were lifted for divine blessing.

The building stood about 12x12, one story, caved in at the top. Entrance was had by stooping through a single door. No windows for light; a few planks on the dirt served as a floor. At its one end, there was a torn-out place where a small chimney may have been. Here,

fire for all purposes was built, the smoke going both ways. A roughly made chair or two, a small tingly table, and some old bed trumpery was the furnishing. But in this place, back in the dark corner, on a filthy bed, was an object of God's eternal love. It was a man, eighty-four years old. To look at him, in the natural was almost frightful—his long, uncombed grey hair, claw-like finger nails, sunken eyes, dirty and emaciated form. He knew not Christ, comfort not letters—sunken in sin, forgotten by man—he was helpless and near the end of this life. Angels might have coveted the work of these young men, and unseen to mortal eyes, I think they participated.

From head to foot he was washed and robed with clean clothes, and his hair trimmed and cleaned. The filthy bed clothes were replaced by clean ones. Tenderly he was laid down; some nourishing food was given him; and while one told the aged wanderer, from God's own dear Book, of the Prodigal of long ago, the others prayed. To him it was all new; and as if it had just come from the skies. It was indeed good news. Could it be that God really so loved him? It was so unexpected or thought of. Had the angels come to see him? Was it a dream or was it all true? Thus must his slow mind and tired heart have reasoned. But the

Spirit was present and the merciful mission failed not.

The sun had gone behind the hill and the students must be off. A little way from the house, as they stopped and sang,

“What a friend we have in Jesus”

the coo of a dove from the hillside was heard, and we are sure the angels struck up their harps of gold.

It was only “old Branch Williams,” lost sight of by the world and by busy, self-occupied throngs; but the Lord remembered him, made special arrangements for him, and sent special messengers to help him; the Lord loved him and wanted him; the Lord sought him and found him. He confessed Christ, fell asleep and was laid to rest on Christmas day.”

During his academy life, he passed through what was regarded by one very near to him as a spiritual crisis. He became exercised about the Holy Spirit. He fasted and prayed a day, pursuing none of his regular studies, and said he found a rest and blessing in God hitherto unknown. A revival in the Academy which resulted in the conversion of all but two or three students, is attributed to his influence. Of his Academy Christian life and work, his friend and College room-mate, Dr. Boyd A. Wise, writes:

“It was not long before Harry was the leading spirit of the Y. M. C. A. The deep spiritual life at the Academy grew into a movement which I have in later years of the fading vision sometimes regarded as pietistic and excessively fervid. Harry was the bishop, so to speak, of some twelve students who each Sunday in twos and threes went into the country about Front Royal, establishing Sunday-schools in neglected places, such as Harmony Hollow, and holding prayer-meetings in homes where prayer had never been held before. In some instances they discovered need and gave substantial relief. We built a house for a crippled and destitute mountaineer. Before removing him to the new dwelling, we gave him a much-needed bath, thinking the while that we were emulating the Christ.

Harry finally limited his diocese to the little church at Happy Creek and there proved himself the builder and organizer—a character in which he later became known to the Baltimore Conference. The work stood and to-day many members of that congregation date their beginnings in the Christian life to the period when Harry was their preacher.”

His academy and college vacations were spent in solving financial problems, for he united works with his strong faith. His first vacation he returned to his desk at the Ameri-

can office. Two summers he remained at the Academy and assisted the principal in keeping books. He also did much of this work during the school terms, thereby helping to defray his expenses. The record of these two summers includes a great deal of active Christian work; preaching on Sundays, missionary work around the mountains and revivals at Happy Creek. It is not to his credit that during one of these revivals he was so deeply engrossed in spiritual work that he forgot a girl whom he took to church one night. Fortunately he remembered her before he had gone very far. Looking around he could distinguish a lone figure out there in the darkness, and he soon joined her. She was a sensible girl and seemed to understand the situation, and appreciated the joke. But there is no record that she ever gave him an opportunity to repeat the offense.

He won distinction in some studies, and also won a medal in a public literary debate. He asked the privilege of taking the value of the medal in books, which was granted. And withal he found some time for recreation—base ball, skating, chestnuting and other innocent sports.

On one crisp, bewitching moonlight night he flung his skates over his shoulder and went whistling across the hill to the home of a more bewitching maiden, to take her for a spin on the river. Her mother answered his sharp ring at

the door bell. He made known his errand. The mother hesitated. She was not sure about letting her go. M— had never been skating at night with a young man and she would have to talk with her before giving her consent. The student felt a little uncomfortable; he had not anticipated any difficulty. Presently mother and daughter came in, the latter warmly clad. Since it was Mr. Burruss she might go if they would promise not to stay late.

Once he broke one of the Academy rules. He stayed out too late at night. Whether he was skating this time, or on some errand of mercy bent, we cannot say. He went like a man to the professor and confessed without waiting to be found out.

AT COLLEGE

A clipping from the "Baltimore American" of June 24, 1895, reads—

Rev. Harry Burruss, formerly an employee of The American, and who has just graduated from the Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va., for the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, preached yesterday morning in St. Paul M. E. Church, South, West Fayette Street, Rev. W. F. Hammer, pastor. The young man was brought up in that church and he had a large congregation to hear him. On Tuesday evening he will leave for Chattanooga, Tenn., where he will represent the Epworth League of St. Paul's at the international convention, which meets there on June 27. From the convention he will go to Ronceverte, W. Va., as junior pastor of the M. E. Church South there. Rev. Mr. Burruss preached yesterday morning from the text "There was no room for them in the inn."

"Men in the great whirl of business to-day have no room in their hearts and minds for Jesus," he said. One of the strong points in the sermon was that 'though Christ is being re-



THE FORTY-FOURTH

jected by many and neglected by a great many more, yet if we should withdraw him from our country, our splendid institutions would all soon collapse.' The young man made a very favorable impression upon his hearers."

On his return from Ronceverte in the fall he entered Randolph Macon College. "Harry's first days at College were gloomy ones," writes his room-mate, "not because he may have been called 'fish,' but because, as he thought, there was no spiritual life there. He had come from an atmosphere of boyhood devotion, into one of the serener reflection of young men. He said to me again and again, "Boyd, the Y. M. C. A. is cold and dead." He even considered leaving college and said that he could not sacrifice his spiritual life for learning. He was only partly right; both he and the members of the Y. M. C. A. were to be gainers from the association. One afternoon 'Cap' R., who was not religious, said to me as I was about to enter my room, opposite his: "Wise, what is the matter with Harry Burruss? He has been praying aloud in his room for half an hour. I thought he was sick at first." Harry had been groaning in spirit and praying that he might do something to quicken the spiritual life of the college and that he might not become as cold as his fellow-students. He had set 'Cap' to thinking. Through the struggle he himself became mel-

lower and serener in spiritual life; but he always exerted a tonic influence upon the students who knew him at all intimately; and later, as President of the Y. M. C. A., was widely respected among the student body, silencing the always-existent portion that is inclined to scoff."

"In his earlier college life, Harry purposed to be a missionary, and through his friendship with Bento Braga, a Brazilian whom Bishop Granberry was educating for that calling, became particularly interested in Brazil. Harry had the missionary spirit and might well have had his ambition gratified, but the way never opened to him. However, he represented the missionary cause strongly at his charges and in the conference."

"Harry was not a brilliant student," continues Dr. Wise, "but belonged with the larger number of plodders. He would be so thorough; he ground away until he got it and when he did get it, it was his for use. Latin gave him most trouble. He thought it dishonest to use a 'pony'; but at one time found himself so far behind the riders that he hired a tutor. Logic, too, was sometimes deep. He would come over to my chair and rub me on a prominence he had discovered on my cerebellum and had dubbed the 'logic knot,' and after much joint cogitation and flagellation of both our cerebel-

lums and cerebrums we would succeed in evolving the syllogism. Exegesis was at first to him rather a process of becoming entangled. Dr. John A. Kern was a very plain and kindly critic, with a slight emphasis on plain. Harry used to come from class heart-broken. He would say: "Boyd, Dr. Kern took my sermon and picked it to pieces bit by bit, point by point, from the heading to the concluding extremity, and then, holding up the remains of the skeleton, said, 'That's pretty bare, isn't it?' I felt like sinking through the floor." Harry was not 'flunked' on this course, but was asked in a very kindly way to repeat the practical portion of it. Next year he went into the examination only about three-quarters of an hour before the end of the period, having been occupied with a conflicting examination. In that brief time he outlined, from the texts given, two sermons which Dr. Kern pronounced perfect."

At the end of his second year, some pressure was brought to bear upon him to induce him to leave college and accept an appointment; the need of men was so great, but he felt that the need of trained men was greater and he remained at College.

The summer of 1896 he spent as junior preacher on Rockville Circuit. Some one asked for some information concerning the "boy" who was coming to this work. The reply was,

"I can tell you this about him, you will not have been in his presence very long before you will wish you were a better man." His letters this summer speak of the encouraging work on this circuit; the pleasant association in the home of his senior; and of the many hospitable homes, throughout the section, in which he was given a hearty welcome. In one place particularly, he loved to tarry. The atmosphere of this delightful home was helpful to this junior preacher. On Sundays when he must hurry from one appointment to another, he could always stop here for dinner or supper and not be compelled to conform to any of the conventionalities of good society. When he came to this Circuit he needed a horse. Bro. ——— had one which would suit him admirably, and he would sell it to Brother "Harry" or loan it to him for the summer—it was immaterial which. With his usual good business judgment, Brother "Harry" borrowed the horse.

In November, '97, he was appointed as pastor of Asbury Chapel, Manchester, Va. He writes, "I am to leave here on every Saturday afternoon, 5:18 train, returning Monday at 9:22 A. M. My headquarters will be at the home of Bro. ———. It is a charming home. Let me assure you I am well cared for. I want for nothing that I really need.

Asbury has a church membership of ninety.

The attendance yesterday was one hundred and twenty-five. At Sunday-school we had eighty-nine. The people are attentive, sympathetic and responsive. It is a pleasure to preach to them. I have already learned to love them. They would like me to remain in Manchester but I must stick to college. Of course I feel very keenly my own inefficiency; I am conscious of my own weakness for this important field of labor. My trust is in God."

He spent his vacation of '98 in Manchester. Writing to his mother this summer, he says: "We take up the interesting book of Jonah for to-night's study. To-morrow night we are to have our public Bible Drill. We expect a number of visitors; and I shall give every one present an opportunity to leave with us a free-will offering for our new annex which we are working for."

The number of letters which have been preserved show that this diligent student; this zealous Christian worker; this constant friend, was not neglectful of the loved ones at home. And some of these letters reveal a touch of homesickness, and show the estimation in which he held this home and those abiding there.

"It has been more than four months since I looked into the faces of my loved ones at home."

"Oh! Father, let me tell you, home is one of

the most sacred names that ever fell upon the ear of an absent boy. Home doesn't mean to me the place where I eat and sleep and wash and dress. It doesn't mean the place where I go when I have no where else to go. Oh, no! 'Home' means the place where I spent my days of infancy and childhood, where loving hands supplied my needs, and older heads ministered counsel and advice. It means the place where lovely sisters dwell, from whose lives go forth wholesome influences as naturally as fragrance comes from a sweet-smelling rose.

" 'Home' is where a boy's best friend abides—his mother. I thank God for such a mother. Did one ever surpass mine in greater Christian patience? I would that I could look into the faces of you all—Father, Mother, Martha, De Soto, Lilly, David and George—and 'Drummer' on this Sabbath morning.

" 'Home, too, is where you are. I love to think of the times, when a small boy, that I spent with you to so great an extent. Have you forgotten the back third story of grandpap's house on Frederick Avenue? I mean the little bed you and I used to sleep in on those cold, winter nights? Don't you recall old sorrell 'Frank' who for so many years traveled the pike? How vividly these scenes appear! The cart, the snake hollow route, the route from Fairview Inn, the work in the stable after

school, the many patient hours dear Martha spent teaching me music. By the way, that was not lost time, for I think perhaps I shall surprise you a little. I am doing right well in the music line.

“What a varied experience I have had:—Newsboy, peanut vender, market huckster, wheel-barrow express company, student at business college, clerk at Red “C” Oil Company, paper carrier, then book-keeper, and finally what I firmly believe to be my sphere in life, that of a preacher of the Gospel.

“The influence you threw about me in tender years, in teaching me to love work, still clings to me.

“Another thing, Father, when a child you governed me by kindness and won my affections and drew me to you by the strong chords of love.”

A record of this period is not complete without some reference to Little Bethel, where many ministerial students have worked, Harry Burruss among them. Little Bethel has been the scene of some interesting and rather trying experiences in the history of these students.

On one occasion when Harry Burruss was to preach here, just as he was announcing the first hymn, he glanced out of a window and saw the familiar form of one of his professors coming down the road. The preacher felt a trifle

nervous. But as the moments passed and the dreaded visitor did not appear he took courage, and went on with his sermon. After the service he was joined in his walk home by the professor, who had heard the sermon from the door steps.

Another student who was scheduled to preach here was pressed for time during the week and left the final preparation of his sermon until he started to church on Sunday morning. The book of nature on this balmy spring morning would be conducive to thought. But alas! he was joined in his walk by this same professor who happened to be going out to Little Bethel service. Not long afterwards the professor heard this student preach when he had not neglected preparation until the walk to church, and his comment was, that he never saw greater improvement in so short a space of time.

College life is drawing to a close. The paths of "Boyd" and "Harry" have already diverged. Boyd has gone out into his life work. Harry stands ready, not to begin his, but to continue it with greater efficiency, for the boy has given place to the trained man, and now he uses in his work the beaten oil which causes the lamp to burn always. "Boyd" pays his tribute to the friendship born in those Academy days and never severed.

“I first met Harry in the fall of 1892 at Randolph-Macon Academy, where he entered about a month late. He had come to my room with Prof. Melton to buy one of my second-hand books. I remember that first impression—his fearless sparkling eye, and the cordial handshake which betokened no insipid personality. I remember also how quickly he paid the price I asked for the book and my surprise that he did not try to get it for less (I had asked its full value). He had won me at the first meeting, as I later found he won everyone. He made friends quickly and he held their friendship. There were few indeed whose friendship he could not gain and none who refused him their respect. This was the beginning of a friendship that could not have been surpassed by that between Hallam and Tennyson. I would that I could voice the feelings of my heart and pay adequate tribute to the noblest man I have known.

Harry entered college in the fall of '95 (I had entered a year earlier); and we roomed together in the old Fifth Cottage. Three years together, he as my 'old woman' and I as his, these days and years made the closest friendship of my life. The strong love of man for man developed at a period when men study not only books, but men, and when with keen perception and fresh buoyant heart, like chooses

like. I was indeed happy to find my college chum in my own room.

Harry was very tactful. 'A' supreme test of this quality is the getting rid of a visiting student when you are very busy, and just must work. (Those who have lived in dormitories will understand.) I have seen Harry do it without arousing the suspicion of his victim. One of his close friends dropped in frequently, and when he got ready to go would stand around talking, in a way to remind one of an auctioneer, always going and never gone. Finally, in his moving about he would take several steps toward the door when Harry would break in innocently and cordially: "Well, Hamp, come again, old boy." When the door had closed behind Hamp, Harry would look at me with the merriest twinkle in his eye and admit that I justly called him 'trickster'—a name bestowed because of this and other sly but harmless methods of procedure."

There is one story of the trickster which "Boyd" does not relate. We are sorry for he does not "swallow his larynx trying to think of something to say" when telling a story with his pen. It runneth thus:

"By arrangement it was Harry's work to keep the room in order, sweep, dust and make the bed. Boyd's duties were to bring water and attend to the fire. With a less conscientious

'old woman' Boyd would have had the worst of the bargain. Water and fire are essentials; well-made bed and tidy room, luxuries for college men and can be dispensed with in busy times. Sometimes the bucket would be empty and the embers dying in the grate while "Boyd" sat rubbing that "logic knot" utterly oblivious to heat or cold. When shivering, thirsty Harry could stand it no longer, he would innocently ask "Boyd did you say you were going after the wood and water?" "No, Harry, I did not; the fact is I had no idea of getting it, but you are such a trickster I suppose I will have to go."

"Boyd" says "His irrepressible humor once brought him to discomfort. During an examination period, we were very much concerned and wanted to get up early in the morning to 'cram.' Harry said: 'Boyd, if you wake up early, call me, and if I don't get up, gently push me out.'

"I said, 'I certainly will.'

"Gently, remember gently."

"I awoke early, and mistaking moonlight for coming dawn, said, "Harry, get up! Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes." But no move.

"I placed my back to the wall and my feet

against his side and pushed, not gently, I fear. He landed in the middle of the floor on his back, got up, and crawled back into bed without saying a word. Next morning he did not mention his experience until my curiosity overcame me. I asked him whether he felt it and remembered it. He said he did.

“Harry spent the vacation of 1897 in my home at Stephens City; and greatly endeared himself to all. My mother, who has seen many friends fall before the Grim Reaper, wrote under the shock of his death: “I haven’t much heart for anything.” I tutored him in solid geometry and he gave me the elements of Greek. He took a most lively interest in everything about the farm and wanted to help at everything from milking cows to pitching ‘weat.’ Due to his English parentage, he never could quite manage a wh, though I had him practice much, *wheat*, *white*, *which*. I had as much fun from his verdancy about country life as he did from mine when I visited him in the city. When we went hunting squirrels, I found him looking under stumps for them (that would have been proper in California); and when we returned he reported that we did not “catch” any. He thought gigging fish cruel, and was so evidently pained at the practice that I could not find the same pleasure in it thereafter. However, he took the greatest delight in torturing

me. There was visiting my sister that summer a little auburn-haired girl in whom I was specially interested. Harry would talk to her in his charming way, telling joke and incident, while I sat by swallowing my larynx and trying to think of something to say. Then, just as I was about to leave the room in my vexation, he would turn to me and say, "Now, Boyd, you tell one." He knew I couldn't have done so then for my life. Thinking to fight fire with fire, I asked him if he had a girl—a question which he always interpreted as being engaged and within a few days of Lohengrin. He said: "No I am not so fortunate as some," and winked at my auburn halo. He knew I hadn't one in that sense though my name was Barkis.

During my first visit at Johns-Hopkins, Harry was pastor at Sudbrook. He asked me with great concern whether I was studying on Sunday. I was glad to be able to tell him that I was not. But later in my course, when I had under the stress of work begun to do so, Harry learned of it. He invited me to his home, then at Aberdeen, and on Sunday morning he came to my room to waken me. After his greeting he lingered, looked me straight in the eye, and with a peculiar directness and meaningful tone said only: "Boyd I don't want you to go astray." I knew to what fault he thus tactfully referred without mentioning it. The deep concern of his voice set me to some salutary think-

ing at a time when the moral battle was still being waged about this overpowering temptation. Since his death I have several times, when in danger of drifting from the moorings into the sea of doubt, found myself saying: "What would Harry think if he knew? Perhaps he does." This question and my humiliation at the possibility, is the highest tribute I can pay to his influence upon my life. The value of such influence is great to one who has seen enough of the world to wish to tie to men, that he has proved, rather than to creeds.

When the news of his death come to me in Oklahoma, moaning, I made my way to my room and lay stupefied with the shock of it. In a few days, overcome by a sense of loneliness, I wrote to my university friend, who also knew Harry; and poured out my grief, saying, "Were it not for the certainty that we all must soon naturally join the great majority, I should be tempted to neglect the duty of living." In his reply, my friend wrote of Harry: "A better man never lived." This, I am sure, would be the statement of all who knew Harry well. His life was so lived that only the touch of death was needed to make it complete. The frost, though early, but ripened the golden corn."

"What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less."

THE MAN

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight *is* in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS

In appearance Harry W. Burruss was quite boyish, about five feet, eight inches tall, and slender. He never weighed over one hundred and thirty-five pounds and often less. When serving Asbury, Manchester, he attended a District Conference and was entertained in a delightful home on the York River. He wrote home, "If I could spend two weeks on this picturesque river, swimming, sailing, driving, eating, I would get fat."

He seems to have never had opportunity to demonstrate what he could do in this line.

We once heard of some friends who had adopted the "no breakfast plan." It was claimed for this that it made the lean fat, and the fat lean. It worked both ways, something like the "toddy," taken in winter to warm one and in summer to cool the blood. By just what process of reasoning the promulgator of this strange doctrine arrived at his conclusions, it is not now clear to us. It did not work in the case of the lean man. We had some other friends, a minister and his wife, somewhat inclined to obesity, who also tried it. Probably their experience was more satisfactory than ours.

When he first grew a mustache it created something of a sensation. In a letter about this time he says "My mustache causes more comment than all my money." One of his sisters asked for the privilege of cutting off just half of it, but the privilege was never granted.

His hair and eyes were dark brown, complexion clear, and at times almost a roseate tinge. His eyes were bright—sparkling—penetrating. Only those who have looked into them can appreciate their power. All the light and love of the great heart within shone out of these windows, and as he looked at you he seemed to read your very soul. One could hardly face that gaze and be untrue.

In dress he was very neat. Slovenliness in anyone he could not tolerate, particularly in a minister of the Gospel. He liked to see a woman well dressed, in subdued colors. He did not like mourning, and requested that it never be worn for him. The world has so much sorrow, why should we add to it by clothing ourselves in the habiliments of gloom? Let us rather contribute something to its cheer and smile upon it even though our hearts are aching.

He was a close observer of the appointments about a house, and noticed even a slight change of furniture in his own home. Here, as in everything else, he loved order, cleanliness, taste. Gaudy, meaningless pictures, shoddy

furniture and cheap ornaments seemed to jar on his fine sensibilities. Spotless linen; a vase of flowers and an artistic touch in the setting of a table meant much to him. These things gave a flavor to the simplest meal. A preacher's home, as well as the man, should be an example, and he faithfully performed his part in making it such.

He believed the first duty of a minister's wife was to her own family. Why should more church work be expected of her than of any other woman in the church? Are not her home obligations just as sacred, especially if she has small children? She has more interruptions in her work than any other woman in the church; her social demands are heavier, and she must often do without a servant. And yet she is censured if she is not regularly found in the house of worship; does not accept all the positions of leadership offered her; promptly return every call made her; visit the sick, shut-ins and strangers, and still have her home always in order for all meetings which it is found convenient to hold in the parsonage.

Harry Burruss was not what might be termed "a handy man" about the house." He often wished that he was. There were some things he could not do. He had no mechanical genius; a carpenter had to be called in to repair all damages.

Neither had he any talent for kitchen work. The cook happened to be sick one morning when buckwheat cakes were on the breakfast menu. She explained the situation to him; told him where to find the batter, the grease, the griddle, etc., and asked if he could not bake the cakes. He very seriously asked what he should do with the grease. Seeing the really distressed look on his face at the prospect before him, the cook suggested crackers as a substitute for the cakes. He expressed his willingness to do without breakfast altogether if the rest of the family could.

And he did not know how to market. His consideration for the feelings of others forbade him examining closely, or questioning the quality of wares.

Gardening was not a recreation for him, as it is to many, and he abandoned it after a few years' trial. He felt that he could spend this time more profitably on his pulpit and pastoral work. When he did garden he attempted to do it with the same vim and system with which he did everything else. If he planned to plant or dig at a certain time, he wanted to do it regardless of everything, even the elements. The garden was free from weeds and as neat as a new pin. Every sprig of grass must go, even if some choice vegetables went along with it.

But there were many things about the home

that he did do admirably. No woman must pump a bucket of water, or bring a hod of coal when he was around. Every morning about seven o'clock, the year round, he could be seen in his working clothes, doing all the heavy work about the place. About once a week word would go around among the little folks, "Father is going to have a bon fire this morning," and little feet would scamper out to see all the rubbish burned. He often wondered why bon fires were not more popular things.

In all the relations of home—as husband, father, son-in-law, brother-in-law, friend, no words can more fittingly describe him than "a beautiful life." To the children he was not only "father" but companion. He lived his own life again with these little ones. He treasured their baby sayings and wished they could all be preserved, for children teach many beautiful lessons, and furnish endless amusement.

A few days before Easter one of the little boys came in and asked for brooms and shovels to clean the stable. I wondered why he wanted to clean the stable, but gave him the brooms and shovels without asking any questions. That night when we were having our bed-time talk I learned that the children wanted to have the stable clean for Jesus when he arose on Easter Sunday, for would the dear Lord not come again to the place of his birth?

And would he not come and dwell in the little heart swept clean from all sin? Here was the lesson for the boy.

Another little fellow once came in from Sunday-school and in answer to the usual question "what did you learn to-day?" said 'nuthin,' the teacher talked but she didn't say anything, and I was 'pinchin' ' Johnny —."

He sat down and went to work with his blocks. He built a church and put a high steeple on it, which he called the High Priest. Some small blocks he arranged around the church, and named the Minor Prophets. He had learned something and his figures were not bad, even though the teacher did not say anything and in spite of the fact that he was 'pinchin' ' Johnny ———.

A Sunday-school specialist tells of a boy who every Sunday morning read over a certain number of hymns during the sermon, took his watch chain to pieces link by link and put it together again; slept a little between times, and could still give an intelligent idea of his father's sermon at the dinner table.

Nothing was either too great or too small for Harry Burruss to do for the comfort and happiness of those in his home. The invalid's breakfasts had an added relish because they were always handed into her room with a smile and hearty good morning for "mother." Sis-

ter's frequent visits were brightened by the sight of the face always at the depot to bid her welcome. Sunshine seemed to radiate from his presence. He was such a cheerful traveler, he always took the road, singing beside the hedge.'

His was a genius for friendship. High and low, rich and poor, all ages, creeds and colors he counted among his friends. An old colored woman said of him "the nicest man I ever seen."

"Why Auntie, what makes you say so? There are many nice men in the world."

"He always took off his hat to me. Everybody aint that polite to 'cullud' people."

A rugged, weather-beaten laboring man, whose face did not ordinarily reflect much of the likeness of his Creator, said with an almost rapturous expression, "I loved that man."

It was his unselfish spirit and magnetic manner; his thoughtfulness in the little things of life, that won for him this host of friends. He never seemed to think of himself. If he went on a picnic, he did not find a comfortable place and spend the time talking with a few congenial friends. He hunted up the little folks, who did not appear to be having a nice time and found something to entertain them. He found the timid grown ones, sitting off by themselves, and tried to make them feel at home. If the picnic was on the water, his hands and arms

were busy with the oars, for he was a good oarsman, and he always saw that a few did not monopolize the boats. He would come home so very tired, but how many lives he had brightened during the day! A little poem of which he was very fond and which he used in his Junior League Bible Drill seems so applicable to him.

Lord, help me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—OTHERS.

Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do *for You*,
Must needs be done for—OTHERS.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep: and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—OTHERS.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—OTHERS.

Others, Lord; yes, others,
And none of "Self" for me.
Help me live for others,
That I may live like Thee.—*C. D. Meigs.*

He had the happy faculty of encouraging, inspiring and bringing out the very best in one. To the weary mother, surrounded by her rebellious, noisy little ones, he would bring a message of cheer and encouragement. He would show her that her mission is the highest on earth for woman, and make her with the eye of vision see the wonderful possibilities locked up in these lives committed to her care.

He would lay aside his work to go into the kitchen, where the poor tired, discouraged cook was grappling with her domestic problems. With his coming the atmosphere of the kitchen seemed to clear, and when he left the crooked places had been made straight and the rough places plain, and the cook felt that her's is indeed a noble calling, that there is no such thing as kitchen drudgery. It is a fine art, for the welfare of the world depends in no small measure upon the skill of the cooks. And it is the cook's privilege to even "talk dish-washing into a song and make a soul-melody out of work with the broom."

He dignified the so-called "common-place" things of life; and made one see that to a great soul dominated by a great purpose in life, nothing is common-place.

COMMON SENSE

In the beginning of his academic course, Harry W. Burruss wrote "A good education, flavored with common sense is the best asset a boy can have." In the early part of his ministry a lady said of him,

"Mr. Burruss succeeds because he abounds so in common sense." What woeful failures, really shipwrecks of life, have been made for the lack of this very ordinary quality! Useful in every calling, it is indispensable in the ministry. The preacher who handed to a beggar the money his wife had given him to buy bread, and sat down serenely in his study while the boarders sat at the table waiting for the bread! We do not wonder that his wife had to take boarders.

Or another preacher, who having to make a very early start in the morning, came in and reported to his wife that a bright idea struck him while he was feeding his horse that night! "Wife," he said, "I want to save time in the morning, so I gave the horse a double portion of corn. The supper I put in one end of the trough, and the breakfast in the other." Well

for the world that these types are the exception and not the rule.

For one of his temperament, it was hard to wait quietly until opportunity opened, to improve conditions which he sometimes found existing. He could not bear to see anything living "at a poor dying rate." It was his nature to act quickly, but he realized that discretion is the better part of valor, and he seldom let his zeal get the better of his judgment. He would study a situation carefully, formulate his own plans, then work so wisely in carrying them out that he rarely met with strong opposition.

His tact—for what is tact but common sense seasoned with love—in dealing with men was displayed when on one occasion he was visiting a fisherman's son who was dying with cancer. This poor waif was untutored, and a less earnest worker would have become discouraged. He selected the song,

"Jesus Saviour, pilot me." This figure the boy could understand as his was a boat life. He was saved and to the last asked for this song so intelligible to his faith.

He could adapt himself to circumstances. He was an interesting talker, and was at ease in homes of both rich and poor. When a college student, he was spending several days in a home and thought he would like to make him-

self useful. He noticed a clock on the mantel that was not running, and started to wind it, when snap went the main spring. His advice to ministerial students was, never attempt to wind a strange clock, unless you are asked to do so.

He was one of the most prudent men in speech. He seemed to know when to talk and when to hold his peace; and did not have to be continually explaining himself and retracting things he had said. How I have envied him this grace, for a preacher's wife should be so careful that she sin not with her tongue. He avoided reminding his congregations of what was done on a former charge. We agree with Mrs. Malyprop about comparisons, and a congregation enjoys this no more than the preacher cares to have his faults held up against the virtues of his predecessor. A friend once wrote him, "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold and you are an adept at using such."

CONCENTRATION

To one not familiar with his powers of concentration and his systematic methods, the amount of work he accomplished in his brief ministry seems almost incredible. Some persons expend a great deal of energy, yet accomplish little. Harry W. Burruss was not only an almost ceaseless worker, but he was a systematic worker and the results told. So many and so great evils arise from a lack of system in the home, in church, in business, that too much stress cannot be laid upon this virtue in training of the young.

Said a man to him one Monday morning, "Mr. Burruss, the difference between you and me is, I work six days and rest one, and you work one and rest six."

"No, brother," was the reply,

"You are wrong, you work six days and rest one and I work seven days and rest none."

And this was true.

He seemed to be able to go from one line of work to another with marvelous ease. Home duties; pulpit preparation; clerical work; callers; pastoral work; financial problems,—both home and church—all crowded into a day; and

yet some time left for reading and sweet fellowship with those in the home, the memory of which is so sacred.

How did he do it? By observance of a few very simple rules, so simple that some may think them hardly worth considering.

Every piece of work was carefully planned before he undertook it.

He made memorandums of all details instead of burdening his memory with them. Thus he seldom forgot anything, yet his mind was free for more important matters. So profuse was he in the use of memorandums, that he was even accused of making a memorandum to call on a certain girl, but this accusation he emphatically denied.

His desk was kept in the most orderly manner; a place for everything and everything in its place. Very little time was wasted looking for things.

He allotted a definite period of time for everything; and as far as possible accomplished it within that time. Interruptions he had, of course, and nobody was ever more patient under interruptions than he was. He would simply begin where he left off and go steadily on with his work.

He did not worry. As a rule he could lay aside his day's work and go to sleep as quickly as a baby, and sleep as soundly. And during

the day he would lie down and sleep for five or ten minutes and awake refreshed. He distinguished between proper concern over a matter and worrying over it, which some people fail to do. A really consecrated woman once said

“I cannot help worrying, and I do not want to help it. We should soon see what the world would be if somebody did not worry.” Worry causes a feverish, perturbed state of mind, which never accomplishes anything. “Fret not” was one of his favorite texts, and this practical sermon was a most helpful one.

He aimed to be punctual in meeting the most trifling engagements, and never broke an engagement unless absolutely compelled to do so.

While pastor of Sudbrook, a meeting in the interest of Epworth League work in the city and district was held at Central Church, Baltimore. The afternoon program was devoted to the Junior work and had been planned by the District Superintendent of Junior Leagues. The night service was in charge of the Baltimore City Epworth League Union. Harry Burruss was on both programs, and to the afternoon meeting he promised to bring his own Junior League. The meeting was to be on Friday. A previous engagement took him to the mountains of West Virginia that week, and he could not return until the day of the meeting.

To make connection he must rise about two o'clock and drive twenty miles across the mountains to the nearest railroad station. On Friday morning it was snowing furiously, but the stage driver was faithful to his appointment and Harry Burruss would be the same. He reached Baltimore about noon, took the trolley for Sudbrook, gathered up the Juniors and reported at Central shortly after three. Supper was to be served in the Sunday-school room. The Juniors looked with longing eyes upon the tempting dishes spread there. They were invited to partake. But the pastor must get them all back to their homes in the country and be at the church for the evening service. Yes, he would be hurried, but he could "make it." The Juniors had their supper and he filled his place on the evening program.

He was very careful to return everything borrowed.

In his desk, after he had gone, an envelope was found, marked "———'s pencil, borrowed last steward's mtg."

CONSECRATION

In some of the letters of Harry W. Burruss written during his Academy and College life, we find these words:

“The one great thought which is impressed so deeply upon my mind, is the need and importance of entire and unconditional surrender to God—entire consecration.”

“Life is so real to me. I want to live so true, and pure, and noble a life that my conversation and exhortation and preaching may be backed by my actual life.”

“Is it possible that God has chosen unworthy me to lead others? How pure and spotless should my life then be! How my heart should bubble over with love for God, for humanity and dying souls!”

The heart filled with love did “bubble over” and many a weary traveler was refreshed by the streams which came out from this life. Men, as they watched him, said “this man lives as he preaches; there is something in this religion.” Many souls can look back and say, “as I came in contact with that life and felt its touch, I was led to seek the Saviour who was the source of his power.” Many will rise up in that day and say, “I was hungry, and he gave

me meat; I was thirsty, and he gave me drink; I was a stranger and he took me in. Naked and he clothed me; I was sick, and he visited me; I was in prison and he came unto me.”

His consecration took the form of an intense passion, a consuming zeal for souls and this zeal spent itself in almost ceaseless effort to hasten the coming of the kingdom. A lost soul—a soul for whom Christ died, forever cut off from his presence—was a thought which he could not endure. Writing to one for whose conversion he never ceased to pray, he said “I do not know anything that gives me more real joy and happiness than to see a person start for heaven.” He seldom closed a service without a strong appeal to the unsaved. In his daily contact with men he always tried in some tactful way to find out where they stood on this question. He lived and worked day by day as though he meant it when he prayed “Thy kingdom come.”

And one who ever looks upward from the foot of the Cross is very humble, for humility comes not by continued introspection; it comes by looking at the perfection of Jesus. Humility is not self-depreciation; it is entire self-renunciation. How small is the little hill beside the towering mountain! How we feel our unworthiness as we think of the One who “was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin!”

WORK IN THE MINISTRY

“What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o’ the day, till it declines,
And death’s mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their hearts and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God’s grace fructify through thee to all.”

CREDENTIALS

The bearer hereof,
HARRY W. BURRUSS,
having been duly recommended, and having been examined, as the Discipline directs, by the Quarterly Conference of St. Paul's Station, of Baltimore District, of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is hereby authorized to preach the gospel, according to the rules and regulations of said Church.

Signed, in behalf of said Quarterly Conference,

SAML. RODGERS, *P. E.*

JULIUS G. MILLER, *Secy.*

Balto., September 11th, 1893.

Renewed by order of Quarterly Conference,
Dec. 17, 1894.

DAVID BUSH, *P. E.*

G. W. JONES, *Secy.*

Renewed by order of Dis. Conf., July 26,
1895.

W. G. HAMMOND, *P. E.*

W. K. MARSHALL, *Secy.*

Renewed by order of the Baltimore District Conference, Aug. 13, 1896.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, *P. E.*

CHAS. S. STANTON, *Secy. pro tem.*

Renewed by order of the District Conference of the Baltimore District, at Ridge Church, Sept. 23d, 1897.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, *P. E.*

WM. S. HAMMOND, *Secty.*

Baltimore Dist. Conf.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That I, ALPHEUS W. WILSON, one of the Bishops of the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, under the protection of Almighty God, and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, have this day set apart

HARRY WILLIAM BURRUSS,

for the office of a DEACON in the said METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, a man who, in the judgment of the Baltimore Annual Conference is well qualified for that work; and he is hereby recommended, to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the Ordinance of Baptism, Marriage, and the Burial of the Dead, in the absence of an Elder, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his spirit and practice are

such as become the Gospel of Christ, and he continueth to hold fast the form of sound words, according to the established doctrines of the Gospel.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 27th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

A. W. WILSON.

Done at Hinton, W. Virginia.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That I, CHARLES B. GALLOWAY, one of the Bishops of the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, under the protection of Almighty God, and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of my hand and prayer have this day set apart

HENRY W. BURRUSS

for the office of an ELDER in the said METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, a man who, in the judgment of the Baltimore Annual Conference, is well qualified for that work, and he is hereby recommended to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the SACRAMENTS and ORDINANCES, and to FEED THE FLOCK OF CHRIST, so long as his spirit and practice are such as become the Gospel of Christ and he continueth to hold fast the form of sound words,

according to the established doctrines of the GOSPEL.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this thirtieth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two.

Done at Baltimore, Md.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY.

FIRST APPOINTMENTS

At the annual conference of 1899 the name of Harry W. Burruss was read out for North Baltimore Station, Baltimore, Md. It is no reflection upon the young preacher that this church disbanded when he had been its pastor only a few weeks, as this had been practically determined upon before he arrived.

He was then appointed by the presiding elder junior preacher on Prince George's Circuit. One in whose home he dwelt, and who was a constant inspiration to him, says,

"It is not difficult to recall the impression he made up us when he came in June to be our junior preacher. His earnest face aglow with sunshine, eager to commence his ministry, although his physical strength was depleted by a strenuous college course, won us all. To my urgent entreaty that he "come apart and rest awhile" he yielded for a few days, with an intense desire to be about his Father's business.

He went from house to house doing personal work, for which he was so well prepared. His joyous faith made him buoyant in spirit and he attracted the young especially. Consecration, sympathy and marvelous zeal characterized his

mission here from the very beginning. In the three months' service here he did abiding work in many hearts.

I recall one Saturday afternoon a League meeting which he led at Emmanuel Church. He asked for testimonies and found there were some who were in doubt about their acceptance with Christ. O! how he prayed until all were baptized with the Holy Spirit. One of that number felt the call to the ministry and is in preparation at Front Royal Academy—others of them are faithful to their Lord.

When he was so suddenly called to Sudbrook we were rebellious to the "powers that be."

SUDBROOK

The decision of the pastor of this church to go to Vanderbilt University left a vacancy which Harry W. Burruss was transferred from Prince George's to fill.

He always felt a peculiar interest in this little church in the suburbs of Baltimore. This was his first appointment as preacher in charge, to which he was to give his undivided time. Who has not felt the delightful thrill that comes with a sense of proprietorship? The little girl as she fondly rocks her first big doll and realizes that it is hers, something of the mother-love born in woman, welling up in her heart! The young man as he beholds for the first time his own name adorning the sign on a business house! The young preacher with his first appointment! Hitherto he had done the bidding of another. Now he is responsible to God and to his church for the welfare of this charge. He is to lead this flock into a deeper spiritual life, into broader fields of Christian usefulness. And with the thrill of joy there comes a sense of unworthiness; a feeling of deep humility. "Who is sufficient for these things?"

This pastor had strong convictions as to the

proper methods of raising money for the church, and in the beginning of his ministry he decided to abolish bazaars, entertainments, etc., and depend entirely upon free-will offerings. He claimed there is nothing scriptural in support of the former methods, and that they are damaging to the spirituality of a church.

Then it is poor business policy. There is seldom any actual profit over the capital invested in a bazaar or festival and the churches which hold them are habitually behind in their finances.

Neither did the social feature of these things appeal to him. There were other ways of meeting the social needs of the church, to which he was by no means oblivious. His experience with the free-will offering method in six churches, some of them possessed of meagre resources, led him to believe that it could be successfully worked anywhere. It requires much thought, careful planning and a good deal of tact on the part of the pastor not to antagonize the people, and to lead them in the better way. He would say "Just give me a trial for one year, and if at the end of that time you are not satisfied with my plan, then try your own again." In not a single instance did they fail to co-operate with him, and they never asked to go back to the old way.

One who worked side by side with her pastor

to make this plan a success, in another church, says,—“How thankful we feel that we have this method of free-will offering as inaugurated by him. How well I can recall the first meeting of our Aid Society, at which Bro. Burruss was present; his interesting and happy talk in which he proposed line of action for the year, saying that if we did not like that way we would not be compelled to continue it.

We would not go back to the old way of raising money, for anything. Our method of raising money is largely followed now by the other churches of the town. There are very few lawn parties or oyster suppers now.”

To raise the assessment for the benevolence he considered a most sacred obligation and he never reported a shortage, but frequently a surplus. He did not wait until the year was well advanced to begin on the conference collections; he began right after conference. He found a well-organized missionary society about the best instrument for doing this work. In some charges all of the conference collections were raised through this channel. Persons who had been paying two or three dollars at the end of the year on the collections, would willingly agree to pay fifty cents or a dollar every month through the missionary society. To work this successfully it is necessary to have collectors who will work systematically

every month. Some people cannot be depended upon to remember to pay regularly, and when the amount accumulates they are apt to drop out.

In one church he found they were in the habit of paying the conference claims in full, and had a very good plan for raising them, which he did not disturb. But the Sunday-school Missionary Society was not raising anything like what it should. He effected a better organization, and sought to kindle in it some of the fire which burned in his heart. He got the teachers to agree to contribute through their classes what they paid on the benevolences. A spirit of friendly rivalry was soon seen among the classes, and the monthly contributions began to increase, until they were nearly three times as large as they had been, and quite a nice surplus was reported over the assessment each year of his pastorate here.

At the close of his second year at Sudbrook the church was free from debt, in good spiritual condition and the future seemed encouraging.

Among the choice possessions of an itinerant preacher are the strong friendships which he forms as he "pitches his tent" here and there. Friendship with a Methodist preacher is more than "a shade which follows wealth or fame."

As we write we see in fancy the faces of some who came into our lives about this time.

One who about five years before this gathered together a few children in the neighborhood and organized a Sunday-school in a vacant house. This was the beginning of Sudbrook Church.

Another, who was always ready to help his young friend out in those days before he was a full-fledged preacher, or when he must have a Sunday off. "And what will my dear 'Filius' have now? for," he would add with his hand laid affectionately on his shoulder, "you know you never come to see me these days unless you want something."

EASTON

Harry Burruss often said that one of the greatest surprises of his life occurred at the Annual Conference of 1901, when his name was read out for Easton, Maryland. This church had some peculiar problems confronting it; and he thought it strange that one with so short an experience in the work, should be selected for the place. He always had such a modest opinion of himself. During the last Conference he had occasion to call on Bishop Candler to have one of the Conference records signed. The Bishop knew him and called him by name. He seemed to think it rather remarkable that Bishop Candler should recognize him among so many preachers in the Baltimore Conference, as he had never met the Bishop. But the one to whom he related the incident did not see anything singular in it.

The first year at Easton was full of work.

He found a debt of \$1,300 on the church. He did not like a church debt and he usually got rid of it as soon as possible, though he used to say he preferred paying the debt to building the church, and he always thanked his predecessor for doing the latter.

When he had completed his pastoral rounds—and the pastoral work at Easton was heavy—he began on the debt. January was set as the time for liquidation. Aim at something definite was ever his motto. The pastor planned, and worked, and prayed; the people co-operated and by January the whole amount was raised by purely free-will offerings.

The coming annual conference was fixed for the completion of his fourth conference course, and his ordination to the office of Elder.

“I am studying day and night” he wrote—“hardly taking time to eat.” “I take my book to the table and while the waiter is filling my order, which is usually a long time, I put in some work.”

But that is not good manners, he was reminded, a preacher should be an example in all things, even at a hotel table.

“I would not have such bad manners if I could be in my own home,” he retorted.

He made his examinations and was ordained on Sunday evening during conference. This conference was held in Trinity Church, Baltimore, and it seemed appropriate that this service should be held in St. Paul’s, his home church.

Another matter of equal importance with a church debt or conference examinations, occupied part of his time during this year. He

found it necessary to make frequent trips to Baltimore, to take his examinations and to visit his family. As these trips became quite frequent, persons began to inquire how many examinations there were in the fourth year course. And when he was seen on an excursion steamer with a girl, not his sister, it was soon rumored in Easton that all of his time in Baltimore was not spent at the home of his parents.

About this time he went to see "Boyd" and asked him to take a long car ride with him to the suburbs of Baltimore. "Boyd" says "I was curious. Finally out in the country, he confided the weighty matter. The great question had been answered. He 'had a girl.' He talked on and on in his enthusiasm, and from way his eyes sparkled I knew he undoubtedly had. But he had a hard time getting her. Then he told me how, when persuasion and prostration had failed, he had, like the Greeks, ostensibly sailed away and so won the citadel. But the capitulation, I leave that to her, the author of this book."

There was no capitulation. He came back voluntarily.

On June 4, 1902, at my home on Harlem Avenue, in Baltimore, we were married by Dr. B. W. Bond, Mr. Burruss' presiding elder, and Rev. John A. Anderson, my pastor. The wedding

was quiet, only a few close friends present, among them "Boyd" and his "University friend," my cousin. "You should have heard the ring of his voice when I (Boyd) congratulated him. He was no weak-kneed groom. But he was the "trickster" as ever. To escape pursuit he ordered the driver to take them to Pennsylvania Avenue Station, instead of to Union Station, as we had expected. But alack, the well-laid plan went wrong; and we were on hand with the rice and there was an awful shower. As the train pulled out Harry stuck his head from the window and shook his fist at us while the rice ran off his hat-brim."

The "University friend" gallantly offered to relieve the bride of her umbrella, but his well-laid plan, too, went wrong. The umbrella was not raised on the board-walk at Atlantic City, as he expected it would be.

On our return from the wedding trip we went to Easton and spent a week in the home of our genial friend Col. ———, the meanwhile making daily trips to the little hired house on Harrison Street, which was to be our home. The selection of a home had been a problem for the young preacher. He was born and reared in one house and house hunting was a novel experience for him. He was sorely perplexed, but a home he must have, for every married couple should begin life house-keeping, and the simpler

the home the better. Alas for the true love that must wait for a brownstone house and an automobile! These are the rocks upon which many marriages have been wrecked. Better the simple life of our fathers—the love in a cottage.

And when the house had been chosen, with what interest he watched the repairs! He would report from time to time the color of the paint; the styles of paper selected; the number of pieces of furniture located in various homes in the neighborhood where it had been stored since there had last been a parsonage—all these little things which mean so much to a woman.

There were only two bureaus. One of these was put in the spare bed-room with the top drawer left vacant for the use of the presiding elder and other guests. We soon found, however, that the presiding elder did not tarry long enough to need a bureau. We agreed to share the top drawer of the other one. An imaginary line divided it into half. "This is my half and this is yours." "Agreed," he said. But very soon he saw that his territory was being encroached upon, and he meekly asked,

"Which is my half?"

He moved his things into the spare room and we never again shared a bureau.

Sweet is the memory of those days in Easton! Our little Charles Carroll (strictly a family

name) came to us on March 30, 1903. The first baby! May his active little feet be always led in paths of righteousness!

The Reaper's hand has since been busy in this field; many choice spirits have been taken. Their pictures will ever hang on memory's walls.

The quaint old couple in their cottage by the sea. They always sat on the front bench in church, and their devotion to each other and consecration to their Lord was ever an inspiration to us.

On a blustery winter night, one past her three score and ten, came with a basket of delicacies which she had prepared. She knew the salary was not paid up, and she was worried about her preacher and his family.

Then there's "Daisy" with the Dayton wagon at the front door several times a week, bearing "just a few things" which the owner sent freighted with her love.

Others, too, we might mention, by whose firesides we sat, and whose unselfish Christian lives ever pointed Godward. Among them, Miss Sadie Nicols, whose faithful co-operation helped to lighten the labors of her pastor during that year. Always weak in body, yet strong in all the Christian graces, this frail little woman in her consecration and untiring

service for her Lord was an example to everyone.

There was one home on the outskirts of the town where the preacher used to take refuge from company in those busy days. They were such sensible people dwelling there. He could sit by the fire and study while mother and daughter were busy with their household affairs, and few ever thought of following him to this haunt.

At the close of his first year on this charge, the pastor wrote—"It has been a year of trials and triumphs. I love these people and they have stood by me nobly."

At the end of the second year we were moved to Aberdeen. The people seemed to regret our departure, but with true Methodist loyalty they gave the new preacher a warm welcome. These Methodists can weep over the departure of one pastor and yet with open arms welcome another. Just big-hearted, that's all.

A more loyal itinerant never lived than Harry W. Burruss. He believed heartily in our system and never sought or shirked an appointment. He was ambitious to be useful, not prominent. "To be great is to be good," he used to say. He always prayed earnestly over his appointments, both in public and in private devotions, then left the matter with his Lord and those in authority.

He has often said he would rather have the poorest appointment in the Baltimore Conference, than be the head of the richest corporation in the world; for in the very poorest appointment there is opportunity "to lead men to loftier planes in this life, and eventually lead them into that eternal home."

He believed it to be the duty of every preacher to be on the watch for ministerial timber, to encourage any who seemed to have qualifications and felt a call in this direction.

One day while at Easton he went out with a stalwart noble young man, a member of his church. He was impressed with his consecration and zeal, and saw in him the making of a preacher. The young man had been thinking but had made no decision. Some earnest words from his pastor, and the offer of help in a certain study settled the matter, and he is now a useful preacher.

In connection with Easton there were two appointments in Caroline County, served by a junior preacher, over which the pastor had general supervision.

ABERDEEN AND PERRYMAN

Every preacher who has served this charge wants to go back for a visit, and right royally he is welcomed by the people of both churches, when he does go.

Harford is the haunt of the wild duck and the land of the sugar corn. Her ducking shores are famous, and are the resort of multi-millionaires and celebrities.

Corn canning is the leading industry of this section. The majority of the men either raise corn to can, run a canning house, or have some relative near or remote who does run one. The remainder of them sell the finished product. Many are connected with factories in nearby counties, which takes them away from home for two months or more, and at this season of the year the whole face of the population is changed. Scores of substantial citizens and church members are exchanged for hundreds of the foreign element from the cities. This has its influence upon the work of the church; congregations are small and no aggressive work can be undertaken during these months.

For genuine hospitality, Aberdeen and Perryman are not excelled by even the in-

habitants of the renowned Old Dominion, and for neat and attractive homes this section may be likened to the celebrated "Spotless Town."

Of the women it may be truly said—

She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.

The preacher's horse must not be tied at the gate of these hospitable homes. The horse must go to the stable and its owner break bread with the family, else he is hardly credited with making a pastoral call.

But Harry W. Burruss found some neglected homes in every community; homes of poverty, homes of sickness, sadness, sorrow and he did not tarry long anywhere unless some special reason demanded it.

"No, brother, don't take my horse out," he would say,—

"I have several visits to make to-day."

About a half hour spent in interesting and up-lifting conversation; then prayer, with the family kneeling about, and he was gone.

"Did you ever see a preacher in such a hurry," we could hear them say,

"But we are glad to have him come; he always helps us."

He claimed that in order to do his duty by all, pastoral calls must be brief and social visits few. His success in his short ministry was due

in no small degree to his pastoral work. How could he preach Sunday after Sunday to the same people unless he knew them? And could he ever know them—their peculiar trials; temptations; problems; their spiritual needs, by a hurried handshake and a few passing words in church or on the street? No, he must go into their homes, pray with them, talk face to face with them there, not alone of current events and the latest news of the town, but of the welfare of the church and their personal spiritual life.

He found the congregation at Perryman despondent; a handful of the faithful few gathering from Sunday to Sunday. But in four years they caught something of his spirit and he left them full of hope.

He began his pastoral work immediately upon coming to a charge, and endeavored as soon as possible to visit every member and friend of the church, giving preference always to the sick and shut-ins. The church relations of a new family coming into the community were soon discovered, and if he had any claim upon them he made their acquaintance.

He did not deal with humanity en masse; he dealt with the individual. Especially was this true during a revival, and for this reason he always preferred to have some help, that his

time might be free to visit and find out just who were concerned about their salvation. Morning, afternoon and evening, his study was always open to the honest seeker after God. He did not care to have anyone come in just to "loaf" on him, but he was never too busy to stop to point anyone to Jesus Christ. He could always lay aside the preparation of a sermon to do this, for was not this the purpose of every sermon he preached?

His love for mankind and zeal for their salvation was not confined to any race or nation. "Supreme love to God and universal love for mankind" was his creed. So we are not surprised to find Harry W. Burruss organizing missionary societies, conducting mission study classes, distributing literature and endeavoring to make all whom he touched feel their responsibility for the salvation of the world. And when the Annual Conference of 1905 at Winchester appointed him Conference Missionary Secretary, he cheerfully obeyed the order, and for two years did this work in addition to the already heavy duties of his pastorate, not considering the tax upon his strength, but rather counting it a privilege to thus labor for his Lord.

It was while pastor of Aberdeen and Perryman that he adopted the plan of making a spec-

ial free-will offering at Thanksgiving, to cover all the incidental expenses of the church, such as insurance, repairs on church and parsonage, and any shortage in current expenses.

About two months before Thanksgiving a letter similar to the following, was carefully prepared and printed:

“Dear Friend:

It is our purpose to inaugurate a plan by which we shall be able to meet promptly certain financial demands upon our church property and in connection with our church work.

For example, all property stands in need of repairs from time to time and our church is no exception to this rule. We need at this very time a new walk leading into our church and Sunday-School. Besides this item, our church and parsonage were painted several months ago at a cost of ———.

Our plan for liquidating these items of expense and indebtedness has been very carefully thought out and we feel sure will meet with your hearty approval and support. The plan is this: Let every member and friend of the church, and every child as well, make a special thank offering on Thanksgiving Day. We therefore hand you herewith an envelope more than two months in advance of Thanksgiving Day. Our reason for distributing the envelopes now, is

that each one may make a special effort to secure as large an amount as possible by the time mentioned.

On the evening of next Thanksgiving Day (November 30th) we propose holding a church reception at which an interesting program will be rendered and refreshments served. The occasion of course will be free to all our members and friends. The special feature of this gathering will be the return of the envelopes containing the Thanksgiving Offering.

We shall need ——— and we are confident that this sum will be realized if each one will do his part.

Assuring you of our sincere appreciation of your support in this worthy cause, we are

Faithfully yours,"

COMMITTEE.

P. S.—Through the courtesy of a few friends the money to defray the cost of painting the church and parsonage was loaned without interest. We promised, however, to return this loan by Thanksgiving Day.

A committee of ladies was appointed to distribute these letters either personally or through the mail, to every member and friend of the church. In many cases it was only necessary to send the letter and a response at the proper time could be depended upon. Others must be re-

mindful of the matter in a tactful way. He did the work through the committee, but for the first year at least it is necessary that the pastor have general supervision over the matter. After the plan has been once successfully worked, with capable leaders, he can be relieved of the responsibility. If the amount to be raised is large, it is wise to have a number of persons before hand pledge as much as they can afford to give. The method of collecting the envelopes may be varied to meet local conditions. In one church a special service was held on Sunday either before or after Thanksgiving, when the envelopes were returned. In another, the reception referred to on Thanksgiving evening; and in still another, a musical and literary entertainment was given in a public hall, no admission or silver offering.

Some will ask, "How are we to provide for expenses that accrue during the year?" We cannot wait for some things until Thanksgiving.

Such emergency was met by borrowing money, either from bank, or some generous friend who could lend without interest. This was returned out of the Thanksgiving Fund. In not a single instance was there a shortage in the Thank Offering, but usually a surplus.

Among the fragrant memories of the days on this charge, is our association with the pastor of the Grove Presbyterian Church and his congre-

gation. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity."

And the memory of the now sainted Rev. L. G. Martin will ever be held dear. He loved to "drop in" at the parsonage and encourage and advise his young pastor, and his visits were ever welcome.

"Harry, my boy," he would say, "that was an excellent sermon you preached yesterday," but, lest "Harry" should be exalted above measure, he would add—

"It could be better."

Mr. Martin especially delighted to come in about conference time and "make a few appointments," which the Bishop did not always confirm.

It seemed to happen so often that Mr. Martin would "drop in" to dinner on days when the table was not groaning beneath its burden, but how sweet the fellowship over the simple meals in a Methodist parsonage! We love to think of those who have sat around our board.

Several times we had Bishop Wilson as our guest. The last time he came he brought Mrs. Wilson. We tried to curb the spirits of an almost irrepressible small boy in the household, fearing the noise might annoy the Bishop and his wife.

"Just let him keep all the noise he wants," said Mrs. Wilson in her own inimitable way.

“We don’t mind children. If you had any particular company you might try to keep him quiet, but we don’t mind; let him have his fun.”

And we felt we had very “particular company.” Among the treasures of this little boy is a postal written him by Mrs. Wilson, whose memory we all love.

Another guest was Dr. Hunter Corbett of the Presbyterian Church, for forty years a missionary in China. I never saw a person more nearly consumed by zeal for the salvation of the world than this man. When he prayed we felt that we must see the very windows of heaven open, and the spirit descending upon us.

On April 11, 1907 after four years’ service we bade the people of Aberdeen and Perryman a tearful good-bye, and turned our faces toward Gaithersburg. And we took with us another little boy; Harry William, Jr., then two and a half years old. He was born in the Aberdeen parsonage on October 18, 1904. May he walk in father’s footsteps and be an honor to the name he bears!

*GAITHERSBURG AND McDONALD
CHAPEL*

In addition to our own family and a dear friend who for several months in each year, has been sharing our joys and sorrows, we took with us to Gaithersburg our pet cat. The cat conducted himself with all the dignity becoming his position, and we had no cause to regret bringing him. But to our great disgust, we found the parsonage already possessed several inmates of the feline wamily. And the daughter of our predecessor told us that at one time there were as many as nineteen around. It was generally believed that persons having surplus cats, would under cover of the night, drop them at the door of the kind-hearted preacher. Mr. Burruss could never do bodily harm to a chicken, much less a cat, and we were sorely afflicted until a neighbor came to our rescue.

The people of Gaithersburg gave us a cordial welcome. We felt that we were not on strange ground. The then Rockville Circuit, on which Mr. Burruss served as junior preacher while at college, adjoins this charge, and familiar faces of those days and schoolmates greeted him.

A handsome brick church solidly built, and attractive in appearance, with only a small debt (paid by Thanksgiving).

A comfortable parsonage, in need of some repairs.

Consecrated and loyal men and women, ready to follow their pastor.

Problems 'tis true, but it's the problems which test us, and put us on our mettle.

The church in sort of a transition stage, but with a hopeful future in this rapidly growing town.

Such we found the Gaithersburg Church.

The outlook for McDonald Chapel, at Quince Orchard, was not so encouraging. Some had questioned the wisdom of building this chapel, claiming there was no field in that neighborhood. Harry W. Burruss, with his characteristic zeal, threw himself into this work and the results in two years have proved that there is a field. Their missionary zeal is especially worthy of mention. This little church is this year endeavoring to raise two dollars per member for missions, and there is every indication that they will succeed. The missionary spirit, as well as the prayer-meeting, is the thermometer of a church. The prayer-meetings too at McDonald, conducted by the laymen, are well attended.

This chapel, named for Rev. W. A. McDon-

ald, a former pastor, is often called Quince Orchard Church. Writing of this work to a friend, the friend facetiously replied "You have reason to be grateful for your success. Quince Orchard has produced more juice than any body but you thought possible, considering the dry acidity of this fruit."

On August 14, 1907 a sweet baby girl came to the parsonage. Mary Schey we named her. A little sunbeam in the home.

"Precious little sunbeam
Flood the home with light,
Chase away the darkness
Of the solemn night.

Merry, merry sunbeam
Fill the home with cheer;
Storm clouds vanish quickly
When a sunbeam's near."

The successful work of Harry W. Burruss was not characterized by any one important event in any appointment. He never erected a handsome church or parsonage. Had it been necessary he doubtless would have been equal to it.

He never had a sweeping revival from which gret numbers were added to the church. It was the steady flow of the stream; through the Sunday-School; the Epworth League; preach-

ing Sunday after Sunday, and personal work, souls were born into the kingdom at all times. And he never passed through a year that he did not have a genuine revival, during which many were saved.

He never found opposing factions in a church, which he was called upon to heal. Neither did he create factions. His knowledge of human nature and wonderful tact in dealing with men preserved harmony.

It was his thorough organization in every department of the church; pastoral work; wise leadership; careful drilling of both young and old in scriptural truths, doctrine and church polity and up-to-date methods in work; his pains-taking systematic attention to every detail that counted for so much and made his pastorate in every appointment a success.

In all things he aimed to be the skilled laborer. His work bore the touch of thoroughness, both in small and great things. And yet he accomplished much. Some one said of him "he crowded into a few years the work of a lifetime."

He was not only a student of the Bible himself but he carried his people along with him. While serving Asbury Church, Manchester, when a college student, he writes of studying the book of Jonah on Sunday nights. At another church he studied the book of Genesis on

Wednesday nights, and carefully prepared one hundred test questions which a number wrote the answers to.

He conducted teacher-training and mission study classes wherever practicable. He was always promptly in his place at Sunday-School, and was ever the wise counsellor and friend of the superintendent and teachers.

In all the woman's work, both local and con-
nectional, he took an active interest and attend-
ed all their meetings as far as possible.

For those who could not attend church—the aged and infirm, sick and shut-ins—he held cottage prayer meetings.

On the temperance question he gave no un-
certain sound. When a boy he joined the Good
Templars, and while in mature years he was
not connected with this Order, he always re-
mained true to his pledge. The Anti-Saloon
League and Women's Christian Temperance
Union ever found in him a warm friend and
ally. And he hailed with joy the tokens of the
dawning of the day when our nation shall be
free from the curse which now rests upon it.

As a preacher he was clear, forceful, practi-
cal. His illustrations apt. His manner unaf-
fected and intensely earnest. His enunciation
was distinct; his voice while not loud, had fine
carrying qualities. He made you feel that he
had a message and you must listen to it, and

you always got something for the listening and went away better than when you came.

He was not the young preacher who said he could preach from any text in the Bible. He realized that all have limitations; and in the selection of subjects usually chose the simpler truths. He was fond of expository preaching.

In the preparation of sermons he was methodical, as in everything else. He carefully wrote every sermon, but did not memorize or use manuscript in the pulpit.

He aimed never to repeat a sermon without revising and rewriting it.

Sermons were systematically filed in large, stout envelopes, with the text written on the outside. From time to time as he would come across illustrations on subjects from which he had preached, or thoughts would be suggested they were put in the envelope for future use. In a small pocket memorandum book he had a record of every text, date and place where every sermon was preached.

He also kept a record of all pastoral calls. Said a lady to him one day:—

“Brother Burruss, you have not been to see me for three weeks.”

“I beg your pardon, sister,” was the reply.

“It has only been two weeks,” and he showed her his record book.

He loved children and was a tireless worker

among them. Every stage of childhood was full of interest to him, whether his own or some-one's else. When his first little girl was only a few days old, he said to a friend:—

“Come to the parsonage, we have something very interesting around there.”

“The idea,” she said, “of a man seeing anything interesting in such a wee baby.”

He believed in the early conversion of children. Save the child and save the whole life. Junior League work was a specialty with him. When a student at college, he compiled a Bible Drill for use in the Junior League, which he afterwards revised, giving it the benefit of maturer ideas.

During the last winter of his life he conducted two catechism classes, one for adults and the other for children; the latter being largely in the majority. A Bible worth about a dollar was offered to everyone who would memorize the catechism and pass an examination on it. The Bibles were paid for out of the Thank Offering. Sixty odd Bibles were given away at a special service one Sunday morning. How faithfully he worked with the little folks! The classes met at the church on Wednesday afternoons. The adults recited to each other and then heard the Juniors recite as they would come out of school. He kept a record of the

results. Some of the younger ones had a hard time to make it.

"Give them another chance," he would say, "they will be so disappointed not to get their Bibles."

One year at Wesley Grove Camp the Juniors had a prominent place on the program for Epworth League Day. Assisted by several of the grown folks, he took down a party from his Junior League at Perryman. This meant an early start, close railroad connection, and return at a very late hour. Quite an undertaking! But it was a gala day for the Juniors. Some had never been so far from home, and it was the event of their lives.

When they landed at the railroad station in Baltimore, on their return home that night, the pastor saw that they had a very short time to make the train, which left from a station across the city. "Can we make it?" he asked the conductor of the trolley car, as the weary little ones climbed aboard.

"Mighty close," the conductor replied, "but I'll do my best, it is late and there is not much traffic on the streets."

Away they dashed across the city, with a clang and clatter, and reached their destination only to be told that their train had been gone just five minutes. This was about eleven o'clock, and they could not get another train

until nearly two. Not an enviable situation—all these tired children twenty-seven miles from home. But “he was strong under conditions that would make most men miserable” and all agreed afterwards that the hours did not seem so long.

Two little boys slipped away and went on the street to investigate. The sight of the little fellows alone on the street at such an hour attracted a policeman, and he began to investigate. Badly frightened the boys probably did not tell a very coherent story, which the policeman was inclined to doubt. They stammered something about being with the Methodist preacher.

“Well now my little boys,” said the officer, “you just go back and stay with your Methodist preacher, and don’t come on the street any more.”

For the irrepressible small boy he always had great sympathy.

“I can see myself in that boy,” he would often say. Many of his boyish traits he never outgrew.

A cake or pie was so much nicer if he could have a piece as soon as it was done, without waiting for the conventional dessert. And how good the bits of sweet, sticking to the pan, tasted!

Please make extra icing for the cake, so a

generous portion could be left in the pan. And don't measure the cream left in the refrigerator for the next meal.

He was never convinced that a fruit cake must stand for several weeks before it is seasoned properly. In his efforts to get a slice he would cite the case of a woman who said, "I always cut my fruit cake for my old man as soon as it is baked. I think so much of my old man."

He found it hard to close a door without a bang; to come down stairs one step at a time; to keep very quiet while some one took a nap. He just "forgot" when he gave that loud whoop and waked the baby. And he was so sorry for it; he would rock baby to sleep again and try to do better the next time.

He always walked at a very rapid gait. "Is your wife sick, Mr. Burruss," asked a little girl, as she met him one day going rapidly down the street.

"No, Bessie, why do you ask?"

"Oh! because you are walking so fast."

And withal, he was as gentle and refined in manner as a woman—the polished gentleman under all circumstances.

He worked even harder than usual that last winter, if it were possible to do such a thing. Several times he went to the assistance of friends in revivals and would have gone oftener

had one not begged him to rest. This was the work he loved, both at home and abroad, and he always came back from one of these trips claiming that he had received more benefit than he had given. In addition to his already arduous duties, he spent one hundred hours copying the records of the Annual Conference. Is there no way by which our preachers can be relieved of some of the work which any skilled, careful penman would do for compensation?

Does it pay to use the time and energy of men whose services are worth so much to the church, and who in many cases spend years in college and university training, in doing work which can be done by men with only a few months' training in a business college? "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." A great corporation would not use the time of a man worth thousands of dollars annually, in running errands and copying letters. It would employ an office boy at a few dollars a week.

We saw afterwards many things which we could not see then. We saw that his strength was failing; that his nerves were giving away, though he was not sick and never complained.

He left for the Annual Conference in fine spirits; the year's work well done; all financial obligations over paid; souls added to the church. He came in from a meeting of the

official board the night before he left, and reported forty some dollars overpaid on salary.

“These are noble people,” he said. “I count it a privilege to serve them.”

He worked at the Secretary’s desk constantly, during conference; and instead of resting on Sunday, he “spoke at St. Paul’s Sunday-School in the morning; went to Central to hear Bishop Candler; dined with Aunt ———; called on Bro. H——— and family; addressed Wilkins Avenue Sunday-school at three P. M.; called on a very sick friend, and addressed St. John’s Emmanuel League at 7 P. M.” And he might have remained to hear Dr. Pinson preach, had his sister not interfered and insisted upon his going home.

LAST DAYS

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Tennyson.*

LAST DAYS

Easter Sunday dawned bright and beautiful. All nature seemed to unite in a joyful song of praise to the Redeemer. But there was sadness in the home; Mrs. Ballengee was gone. He spoke the words softly, tenderly to the sick one, for we loved her, and the sorrow of the bereaved husband was our own. Harry Burruss when a junior preacher had lived in their home. Their "son in the Gospel" he was endearingly called, and when his own little ones came, it was "Grandfather and Grandmother Ballengee."

The belated news came on Saturday night, and on Sunday afternoon in Calvary Church, Washington, for which she had labored so faithfully, services were to be held over her lovely form. He must go even though it meant breaking an engagement. He would not fail to pay this last tribute to his own mother or sister.

He preached at Gaithersburg at eleven o'clock from Col. 3:11, "But Christ is all and in all." After the sermon he took up a subscription to improve and beautify Forest Oak Cemetery, a work which had been on his heart for a long time. He ate a hurried dinner and took the next train for Washington. He re-

turned about six, very tired and very sad. At eight o'clock he conducted services at Gaithersburg, preaching an expository sermon on the resurrection. The last Sunday of earthly service for his Lord!

He seemed to like to dwell on the details of Mrs. Ballengee's funeral; the lovely flowers; the large number of ministers present; the beautiful tributes paid. He said it was the most perfectly conducted funeral he ever attended; no outward demonstration, but such an intensity of feeling that a hush seemed to pervade the whole great congregation. In some mysterious way did he feel the shadows already gathering about him?

On Monday he conducted the funeral of a member, burying her about twenty miles away.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday he made pastoral calls, formed committees and planned for the cemetery enterprise. A record of all this was found on his desk in such order that the work was carried on with but little interruption.

On Saturday morning, about four o'clock, the fatal chill came; but he did not disturb the household. About six o'clock one of the little boys came in and said "Father is sick." He was very sick all day Saturday, the first whole day he had ever spent in bed.

His was indeed a singular life. It usually

requires the fires of affliction—pain of body; heart sorrow to consume the dross and purify the life and make us sympathize with those who sorrow. His character ripened without this. He never knew bodily pain. No problems confronted him that he did not seem able to solve; no obstacles that he could not surmount. He never had any of the sorrow which seems to tear one's very heart strings asunder, and yet there were few more sympathetic than he. Spiritual battles he had, but he fought them out upon bended knees, and usually gained the victory.

Sickness was such a new experience for him that he hardly knew how to bear it. He was patient but the shattered nerves were hard to quiet, and he could not be still. He tried to plan for the Sunday services, but gave it up, saying "I do not feel that I can push the reformation of the world one inch."

On Sunday he was much better and we thanked God and took courage. He admitted that he had worked too hard and promised to take a good rest when he got out.

Sometime during Monday night pneumonia developed. Two more doctors were called in consultation, and we read the doom in their faces. How they fought the disease! Morning and evening they consulted, and scarcely an hour during the day passed that one did not

come in. The nurses worked and watched so faithfully; countless prayers ascended to the throne. Over the phone and through the mails, from all directions, came messages of sympathy. On Wednesday night as the doctors stood about his bed, one of them said "Brother Burruss, if there is any skill in me you shall have the benefit of it and I am sure I can say the same for these other doctors. For the rest we can only trust a Higher Power."

He said when first taken sick, "sometimes I think this will be the last of me, but it's all right; I am willing to go or stay." For himself he felt no concern, but of the loved ones he was leaving and of the church for which he had given his life, he was ever mindful. He talked of these until the last.

A preacher said upon learning of his illness, "Harry Burruss ill; it can't be true. He must not die, surely God will spare him." And so we all felt, but he continued to grow worse.

Oh! the awful days and nights of watching. The oft-repeated words, no better, no better! In agony we cried unto God, "Father if it be possible let this cup pass," and in answer there came the assurance, that he whom Harry Burruss had served during these years could make no mistake now concerning him. When we said "Thy will be done" peace came into our hearts in the midst of our grief.

On Monday evening when apparently unconscious he said "Let us rise and sing "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

Early Tuesday morning he was with his Lord and received his crown.

There was no "moaning of the bar when he put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam."

His body rests in Forest Oak Cemetery beside the sainted Dr. P. H. Whisner and his wife.

On our return from the funeral we dedicated to the Lord little Martha Brent, aged three weeks and two days, in the presence of a few friends Dr. B. W. Bond baptized her. He had baptized the other three. May a double portion of her father's spirit rest upon her!

"And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And he is there!"

TRIBUTES

THE AFTER GLOW

To Rev. H. W. Burruss

BY S. REGESTER NEEL

'Twas but a smile as he passed by,
The giver passed as must pass I;
But that sweet smile doth linger still
With me, my life to cheer and fill.

The sun may set with closing day
But sunshine lives beyond the day
In lives of men and living things;
'Tis thus a smile its blessing brings.

'Tis true that matter must decay,
And death will close this earthly way,
But through the form the spirit shines,
And lives beyond earth's clay-drawn lines.

Our loved ones pass beyond our sight,
Blot our sun, bring in the night;
But night shall brighten into day
As love returns their shadowed way.

REV. HARRY W. BURRUSS

Rev. Harry W. Burruss was born and reared in Baltimore City and early in life gave himself to the Church. While only a boy he showed those fine qualities of soul which afterwards crystallized into splendid character. Even then his conscience was exceedingly sensitive, yet wondrously strong. Like some sensitive wireless instrument it caught the currents of divine thought and registered them upon a pure and steadfast heart.

Several times, like Moses, he was called upon to choose between the riches of this world and the service of God; but was always true to his conscience and kept the faith.

As he developed into maturer manhood these high purposes splendidly shaped his life and quickened his energy, until the full force of his splendid manhood, consecrated to God, delivered itself upon the point of personal contact with his fellow men, and resulted in deep and abiding impressions for good.

His evident sincerity and intense earnestness immediately won respect and commanded attention and many thoughtless and careless ones gave heed to his persistently loving appeals.

He was above all else a winner of souls but in all things he was a master workman; not only the peer of most men, but, doubtless, the superior of most men in actual effectiveness. He worked for results and got them. His call was to, "Follow Me," and in following his Lord he was ever diligent going about doing good, seeking and saving the lost.

Indeed he worked always up to the limit of his strength and frequently beyond it; never acquiring any reserve strength; so, when attacked by disease, he could offer but little resistance.

His was a life of singular purity. Evil thoughts found no congenial place in his life. He kept himself unspotted from the world. The sweetness and genuineness of the man were exceedingly attractive, drawing and holding men. Everyone who knew him was his friend; he never had an enemy.

Called from secular affairs early in life, he entered Randolph-Macon Academy at Front Royal, Virginia, where he at once took high rank in the student body; after completing the work there, he entered Randolph-Macon College, from which place he graduated with honor.

While at the Academy he was licensed to preach and began at once that intensely active ministry which continued until the very day he was stricken. Diligently doing with his might

the abounding work so characteristic of the man, he seems to have crowded within ten years the work of a lifetime and thus to have won the crown earlier than most men.

Brother Burruss was ill but a few days, being attacked by pneumonia on Friday night, April 16, and died Tuesday morning, April 27. He died on his thirty-seventh birthday.

He leaves besides the widow and children, father and mother, Mr. Henry L. and Mrs. Hannah Burruss; three sisters: Mrs. J. Harry Smith, wife of Rev. J. Harry Smith, an honored member of the Baltimore Conference; Mrs. D. W. Griffin, and Miss F. DeSoto Burruss; and two brothers: David M. and George M. Burruss. Mr. and Mrs. Burruss, the parents of our brother, are both invalids and were unable to attend the funeral. In their deep sorrow they could only sit in their saddened home, while their noble son was being buried in Gaithersburg. With great yearning of heart they desired to see again his face, but could not, and must now await their translation when they shall see him face to face and rejoice in the reunion in Heavenly places.

We buried him from the beautiful church at Gaithersburg, and laid him to rest in that quiet cemetery at that place, on Thursday, April 29.

No fuller evidence of the place he holds in the love of all, nor finer tribute to his worth

could possibly be shown than the vast throng that turned out to do him honor.

Individual friends; and delegations from various places; his brethren in the ministry in large numbers, from Baltimore, Washington and elsewhere; the whole community of Gaithersburg; moved by a sense of sorrow common to all, sat or stood in the church or at the grave-side, and with saddened faces and flowing tears showed how tenderly Brother Burruss was loved and how highly he was esteemed.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. B. W. Bond, D. D., assisted by Revs. F. J. Prettyman, D. D., J. A. Anderson, W. E. Henry, J. Howard Wells, and E. V. Regester. The choir from our Church at Rockville sang sweetly several selected hymns.

The Stewards of Gaithersburg Charge acted as pall-bearers; feeling honored in the loving service thus rendered.

No finer spirit lived among us, no purer life was ever seen, no fuller record of service made, and doubtless, no fairer crown ever won than in the life of our beloved brother.

E. V. REGESTER.

REV. HARRY W. BURRUSS

BY REV. J. HARRY SMITH

I knew him first as a Sunday-School boy.

Having moved into the neighborhood of St. Paul's Church, I became identified with the Sunday-School, entering it an entire stranger.

Harry Burruss was among my first boy acquaintances. He was at that time a Christian boy, having been converted under the preaching of Rev. Geo. Smith; who came to St. Paul's Church, and, on this particular occasion, held a meeting in the Sunday-School room, for the boys and girls.

Harry was thoroughly converted; and it was soon evident that he had presented his body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God which was his spiritual service. He was transformed by the renewing of his mind and began to "Prove what that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God is."

As a boy he was true to his convictions, faithful in everything given him to do; and finding things to do and doing them with his might.

His Sunday-School teacher had a strong and devoted ally in this young Christian boy; a

student of the Holy Bible and a worker for his class.

He was always present, for he was never sick; and he did not permit the weather to keep him home, nor any attraction to draw him away from the place he had promised to support.

In those days two sessions of the Sunday-School were held: 9.30 A. M. and 2.30 P. M. Preaching of the Word at eleven o'clock, Young People's meeting at 7, and preaching at 8 o'clock. Harry Burruss was found in all these services.

Not satisfied with this, but with the kindling zeal which afterwards burned so intensely on the altars of his heart, he would, on Sunday afternoons, after the school closed, visit the sick scholars of his class and the absentees.

He early became a personal worker, talking to others about their souls, speaking to the erring in that gentle, tender way which followed him all his life.

Harry had been taught, by his sainted grandmother, that tithing was a divine command and therefore to be obeyed; so he early became a Tither, and also sought to secure converts to that law of God and Christ.

Speaking to a friend one Sunday about Tithing, he said, "— have you ever thought about this matter?"

“Yes, replied his friend, but I cannot afford it.”

The reply came quick and tender, “during the coming week, think of it from this point of view, that you cannot afford *not* to do it.”

The following week, this friend came to Harry and said:

“Harry, I have thought it over, and have concluded that I cannot afford *not* to Tithe.” That friend tithes to-day.

His boyhood was strong, bright and happy; not free from faults or boyhood tendencies; but ever ready to acknowledge his faults and try to overcome his tendencies. He was a manly boy.

I knew him in his business life.

He was diligent in business, an early riser and a hustler. His was a strenuous life, from the day when he began to utilize the spare hours after school; on Saturdays and holidays, turning the honest penny, to the later days, when he arose with his equally diligent and hustling father to begin the day's work, as the hands of the clock pointed to the hours of two or three in the morning. And then to his first position with the Red “C” Oil Company, where he quickly gained the firm's confidence, and made himself almost invaluable, on to the American office, one of Baltimore's great daily

papers, where he always "kept moving" and steadily advanced in the esteem of his employers, 'till there was nothing in the gift of the Company that would not have been his. On down to the last evening when he laid his pen down by the side of his partially finished sermon; arranged his desk and retired to his room, from which he entered Heaven, he was diligent, and to-day he stands before his King.

I knew him as a student, not brilliant, but mastering every lesson, refusing to leave it, until he understood it thoroughly. His strong mind and genial Christian character soon gave him a high place among the student body.

Mild hazing was not unknown in his student days. The first night at school, he received a visit from certain of the fun-loving students. Harry received them cordially, and invited them to occupy such seats as the room afforded. They soon broached the subject of hazing and gave the "Fish" to understand that certain things awaited him. Turning to them, he said "Gentlemen, at whatever time or hour you come to my room, you will find my door unlocked, you are always welcome to this room."

This was entirely unexpected; and the hazers never came.

His influence among the students at both the Academy and the College, was very marked; and many a young man in the business

world and in the ministry blesses the day that brought him in touch with Harry W. Burruss.

I knew him as a preacher of the Gospel. Strong, clear and forceful, commanding the attention of his congregation, from the very beginning, and sending them away deeply impressed with his intense earnestness, and with spiritual food to nourish their souls during the coming week.

His talents were early recognized by the Conference, as his appointments will show.

He was a builder; he always left a charge better in every way, than he found it. If there were debts, he lifted them; improvements to be made, he made them; systems needed, he inaugurated them. If the spiritual tone of the church was low, under his spiritual ministry it was elevated.

He was a pastor; he studied the pastoral side of his Lord's life, learned how he did it, and went and did likewise.

He was found in the house of mourning, bringing to the sorrowing ones the comforts of God's Word; he went where trouble was and tenderly soothed the troubled hearts. He went where sin was and showed the sinner the better way.

He provided for the aged, the sick, and the shut-ins and had the church services carried to them.

He was the children's friend, and he carefully instructed them in the way everlasting. They loved him. The world respected him, the Church loved him, and in the Judgment, many will raise up and call him blessed. He was a winner of souls, he always had gracious revivals of religion wherever he served, by which the Church was strengthened and sinners converted.

His life was both a short one and a long one. Short as to number of years; long because crowded with good.

We should preserve the memorials of such a life; not so much for the past as for the future; that men may see what God can do with one who was pure in body, pure in heart and pure in soul.

Harry W. Burruss was a man of faith. In his life's work we see that faith which wrought victory here and immortality hereafter.

The Master's message was his guaranty and his command. The Bible was to him divine; that book wielded an immeasurable and increasing influence over his life; and his life, in turn, influenced, for good and Heaven, hundreds of his fellow men.

It was the Bible that gave him his mission, his inspiration, his hope, his argument and his power over men. Thus prepared, he went out

to do the work his Lord had commissioned him to do.

He gave his life to his loved employ; and for the salvation of souls and for the building up of God's kingdom on earth.

On the morning of April 27, 1909, at 6.30 A. M. God spoke to his fathful servant and said "It is enough, come up higher," and he calmly passed to the right hand of his Father, where he awaits our coming. We shall see him again.

REV. HARRY W. BURRUSS

A TRIBUTE FROM ABERDEEN—BY MRS. O. C.
MICHAEL.

For four short happy years it was the inestimable privilege of the people of Aberdeen and Perryman charge to have as their pastor, Rev. Harry W. Burruss, who recently was transplanted from his home in Gaithersburg, Md., to his home in Heaven.

When the news of his illness reached Aberdeen a few days prior to his death, the hearts of the people were filled with consternation and distress, and in order to know certainly his true condition, one of the laymen went to Gaithersburg, bringing back to an anxious congregation Sunday evening the message that our dearly beloved former pastor was desperately ill, but that hope of his recovery was still entertained.

Fervent prayer was offered that God would spare the life we prized so highly, and hope was strong. We felt that it could not be God's will to take from his family, who needed him so much, and from the Master's work which he was so successfully carrying on, one so young, so zealous, so full of abounding life, and so consecrated to all good words and works.

More than one expressed in calm confidence and faith the firm belief that he would recover. But God had willed it otherwise, and when Tuesday came, the sad intelligence reached us that our beloved friend had passed away that morning.

Not only were the congregations that Brother Burruss had served here at Aberdeen and Perryman, plunged into deepest grief, but the whole community irrespective of creed or denomination felt the blow for all who knew him loved him. The four years he had spent going and coming among us, radiating sunshine and cheer wherever he went, had endeared him to all the people of the towns and surrounding communities.

Had his death occurred during his pastorate here, instead of at Gaithersburg, after an absence of two years, it could not have been more keenly felt.

To our finite minds it seems a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Though we saw him laid away in the silent grave, yet we cannot relize that he is gone. Shall we never see his bright face, receive his warm hand clasp, and hear his cheery sympathetic voice again? Not in this world, but thank God for a faith that can look forward to a happy reunion in that Glory Land, when the sorrows and trials of this life are o'er.

And while our hearts are comforted by these thoughts, and the contemplation of the beautiful life that has ceased here among us, yet we miss him. We long "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

Our hearts are sore, and the world seems a little different, a something lacking, a brightness gone that can never be restored to us again.

Wherever he went the beauty of his character shone forth as the noonday sun. His life was a "straight line;" truth and sincerity beamed from his eye, and left its impress upon every one he met. His strength of character; his deep and attractive spirituality, combined with a most charming personality, drew to him firm and devoted friends and inspired all with whom he came in contact with confidence and respect. He was endowed in an unusual degree with that most desirable quality, tact. He always knew the right word to say at the right time; the proper course to pursue under all circumstances.

Brother Burruss was pre-eminently a pastor; gifted to the highest degree with those qualities that made him a blessing and a benediction to the people he served. Attentive, sympathetic, thoughtful of everyone, ready and so glad and able to comfort those in distress, and to counsel those who were in trouble. His people

sought him for advice, and were always helped and cheered by his ready response and sensible conclusions. The poor he specially sought out, and his kindly attentions and sympathetic efforts cheered many lives that had little else to encourage or uplift them.

Brother Burruss was a magnetic leader, and a man of rare business qualities. While an indefatigable worker himself he had the happy faculty of interesting all, and getting each one to work. This was one of the secrets of his great success. It was a joy and a privilege to work with him. The work of the church and the advancement of the Kingdom was the absorbing object of his thought, and he inspired his co-laborers with his untiring energy, his activity, and devotion to duty.

His work here will never cease. A beautiful remodeled church at Perryman, with an aggressive and largely increased membership and a wide-awake Sunday-School, are the results of his high courage and unfaltering faith.

At Aberdeen he has left an indelible impression upon all departments of church work. Many were added to the church during his term of service. Church debts were paid and new methods for raising money were adopted which continue to be successfully used.

The Missionary Society of the Sunday-School was reorganized and started on a new and suc-

cessful plan. The Ladies' Aid Society was converted into the Women's Home Mission Society, which grew and prospered under his fostering care and kindly sympathy, and to-day his wise counsel and helpful words are still an inspiration and an impetus to it.

His sermons were gospel sermons, true and clear ringing. Christ was his theme, and there was no mistaking his message. What a help they were to the Christian, and how tenderly he sought to lead others to Christ! The charm of Brother Burruss' preaching was that each sermon made his hearers wish to be better men and women, and he gave them from Sunday to Sunday that which they needed, something practical to help through the trials and temptations of the week. To his helpful sermons he added personal work, and knew when to speak the word that would aid a soul to decide for God.

Brother Burruss' memory is precious to us. We loved him dearly, and his name is as "ointment poured forth." We love to talk of him and his work, and yet the mention of his name often makes our voices tremble and the tears start. Out of a short ministry of ten years, Aberdeen and Perryman enjoyed the privilege of having him four years, and we thank God for it. His work abides, and the memory of the beautiful happy christian life he lived among us, will ever remain an inspiration and incen-

tive to higher living. In fact, he is not dead, but lives in the hearts of those who loved him and who hope to meet him "when the mists have rolled away."

A memorial service will be held at Grace M. E. Church, South Aberdeen, during the month of October, at which time the two congregations which Brother Burruss served, and the other congregations of the town will unite to do honor to his memory.

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OUR FALLEN COMRADE

Harry W. Burruss has entered into rest. Never was a truer name enrolled in our Conference. Never has a saintlier life been lived among us. Like the heroic friend and forerunner of Jesus, "He was a burning and a shining light." But only "for a season," all too short for our affections and hopes, were we permitted to "rejoice in that light." Skilled in labor for the Master, crowned with success, beloved of all, he finished his course, in the full glory of life's morning, and fell asleep. No tears for him—welcomed into the joy of that Lord whom he served with such single-hearted devotion. But in the hearts of his brethren who remain to do their work without the inspiration of his gentle and godly companionship, grievous indeed is the sense of sorrow and loss.

There are some of us concerning whom it would not seem unfitting that others should hear "His work is done." But our brother had only passed, with much patient effort and self-denial, through the period of preparation, and fully entered upon the ministry which he had so evidently received of the Lord Jesus.

We should rather have thought of him as going on in this ministration of the gospel for many years, a blessing to every successive congregation committed to his trust, doing good and no evil whatever he was called to labor. But his call is now unto the glad ministries of that sphere whither only faith and hope can follow him—faith and hope, and love which never faileth.

It is not a eulogy nor an appreciation that I am constrained to write, but a simple tribute of personal affection. I loved Harry Burruss as a brother and a son. In his college days I sustained to him the relation of teacher, but to me he was more an example than a pupil. There is no exaggeration in saying that it was consciously an honor and a benediction to have such an association with him, so steadily did the light of Christ shine from the character of His young servant. What a willing worker he was among his fellow-students, in the country churches, and wherever there was Christian work to do! And what a bright unconscious witness-bearer—winning from the best and the worst alike respect and confidence!

Sometimes, in ways known only to ourselves, he was my friend and co-worker, sympathetic, discreet, faithful to every trust. The very last words that I heard from his lips, so simply and unpretentiously spoken, were significant of the

kind and helpful spirit that ruled his life—
“Nothing is a trouble that I can do for you.”
He was everybody’s friend. Many will thank
God that they ever knew him. Many will hope
to greet him in the life which is life indeed, and
in a comradeship that shall never be broken.

J. A. KERN.

THE DEATH OF A GOOD MAN

I was greatly shocked a few days ago to hear of the death of Rev. Harry Burruss, a member of the Baltimore Conference. Few deaths have ever affected me as has the death of this young preacher. I first met Brother Burruss at Randolph-Macon College, fifteen years ago, and I found him to be such a consecrated man, with such high ideals of the Christian life, and such enthusiasm for the cause of Christ, that I felt drawn to him at once, and have ever since counted it one of the greatest blessings of my life to have been intimately associated with him for a number of years. I knew him on the campus as a playmate, I knew him in the class-room as a student, I knew him in the church as a zealous worker for Christ, and I have visited his home and seen his devotion to his loved ones there, and in all my associations with him I cannot recall a single act in his life which I can criticise as inconsistent with the life of a true Christian. To those who never knew Brother Burruss, this may seem a little too strong, but I carefully considered this statement before I made it. How guileless he was! During the week that he died I was with Brother Ware, in Lancaster

county, helping him in a meeting, and as we talked about our college days I said: "Do you know, as a preacher, I feel I owe more to Dr. Kern and Harry Burruss than to any other persons, they have placed before me such high ideals of the Christian ministry." Little did I dream that at that very hour my young brother was being called away to the church triumphant. He loved the work of the ministry and felt assured that God had called him to it. As a pastor he excelled—systematic, never overlooking the obscurest member of his flock; sympathetic, dealing kindly and gently with the weak and erring; and untiring in all his efforts to save people. As a preacher he was plain, practical, feeding his flock on the true bread, and withal preaching "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He was modest, unselfish to an unusual degree, and full of tact. He had "a single eye," and did not court the praises of man. I once asked him on what occasion he had had the greatest liberty in preaching and he then told me how he was blessed in preaching at a district conference, and that several conversions followed the sermon. When other preachers are usually embarrassed while preaching on such occasions, because of the presence of their fellow preachers, here was a young man who was at his best, and because, as I have said he had the "single eye."

In November, 1899, when I joined the Conference, I stopped with Brother Burruss at his home in Baltimore for a few hours on my way to Petersburg. He went with me to the wharf to see me off, and I remember as we stood on the upper deck he turned to me and said with his characteristic earnestness: "Hamp, I would rather be a Methodist preacher than the owner of this Steamboat line; yes, I would rather be a preacher than to occupy the highest place of honor the world has to offer," and then with a few words of good advice, and with his best wishes for my success in the ministry he left me, but not without leaving with me some profitable things upon which to meditate. A few days later I received a letter from him, and as it shows the spirit of the man I will quote a line or two. He wrote: "This very day, I reckon, you are being examined. For your success, for your admission in to the Virginia Conference, and for your appointment, I have just offered a prayer to the Father of Wisdom." No wonder I feel deeply the loss of such a friend, with whom I have corresponded regularly for fifteen years.

While a student at Randolph-Macon, Brother Burruss preached for a while at Asbury church, Manchester, where he did a fine work. When he attended the session of the Baltimore Conference, which met at Hinton, W. Va., March,

1898, he asked me to fill his appointment for him, and to show you how he felt toward his congregation I will quote a letter he sent me to read to the Sunday-School.

TO ASBURY SUNDAY-SCHOOL:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Sunday morning at 9:30 will find you in your accustomed places, but it will find me (D. V.), three hundred miles away from the Sunday-school and church home we have all long since learned to love. Although great mountains towering high in the air, and magnificent rivers flowing to the sea, and scenery of varied kinds, too grand to attempt to describe, lay between us, I am not thoughtless, I assure you, of my trust and commission at Asbury. I do not cease to pray for the success of our work and my heart and mind are continually on the alert for plans and suggestions for the promotion of our work. My friends and co-workers, I desire to thank you most sincerely for your sympathy and prayers. Oh, let us labor and toil and pray as we never have done before. Good tidings of great and glorious revivals of religion are heard on every hand. May our Heavenly Father grant unto us, ere long, a grand awakening in our midst. I pray that the power of the Holy Spirit may touch and revive and quicken every department of our church work. Will you all not join me in prayer to this end? I send my heartfelt greetings to every member and friend of Asbury.

Your friend and pastor,

HARRY BURRUSS.

I quote that letter in full for it gives a better insight into the real character of the man than anything I can write. When I think of his modest, unassuming manner and how that everything like human praise was distasteful to him, I forbear to write more. He was not a perfect or a faultless man—there has been but one such—but our young brother lived so close to his Lord that it was a benediction to know him. May the God of all grace comfort the bereaved wife and children, and his loved ones at his parental home!

H. H. SMITH.

As the shades of night had gathered
Over ledge and vale and crest,
Softly did'st the Master whisper,
"Come from labor unto rest."

Pastor, Oh, how loved and honored
By the flock he bravely led;
Vigilant, active, zeal untiring,
Never faltering in his tread.

Lightening burdens of the weak ones,
Cheering those who felt depressed,
Whispering tender words of comfort
To bereaved ones in distress.

Many homes are greatly saddened
By this Providence of the Son;
Yet in Faith and Hope we murmur
"Blessed Lord, Thy will be done."

Ah, the summons came so sweetly;
And the assuring words were strong,
"Come thou blessed of my Father
"Enter with the blood bought throng."

"Faithful hast thou been o'er few things,
I will make thee to rule more.
Enter into the joys I give thee
On the brilliant, shining shore."

Written by one who was sweetly led to the throne
of Grace by this beloved pastor and who loved him so
ardently.

Gaithersburg, Maryland.

N. C. RICE.

*HARRY W. BURRUSS—A MAN OF
MARKED CHARACTERISTICS*

BY REV. GEORGE HASEL.

He was born thirty-seven years ago and reared in southwest Baltimore, where the writer is in charge of Wilkins' Avenue Church, in which Harry was deeply interested from the very inception; and where he was an active worker for several years. It was in this section of the city that he spent the years of his childhood, youth, and early manhood. And it was in this city, where he had a good position, God called him to the Christian ministry.

To know Harry W. Burruss was to know a man of genuine and deep piety, strong, gentle and fine personality, prayer, Pentecostal power, burning passion for souls, and intense missionary enthusiasm. These constituted the secret of his life and character.

His was a unique personality. Here lay the power of his success in making men. In regions of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia are his children of the faith, begotten by his noble individuality. At his parents' home, the day after his death, I met a man who was deeply distressed at the sad news, and who said Harry

was as dear to him as a son, and that years ago he was persuaded to give up tippling by what Harry said and the gentle way in which he said it.

He was a man of intense, active missionary zeal. His enthusiasm for evangelization was eight thousand miles in diameter and twenty-five thousand miles in circumference. Conference Sunday he delivered an admirable Missionary address to our Sunday-School, after which he took a dollar bill from his pocket held it up, and said, "The class that reports the largest sum the next Missionary Sunday will get this dollar. Let me hear from you, Brother Curtis." The inspiration of the address will abide with us, and together with the prize, will be a stimulus this Conference year. Already there is a marked increase in Missionary zeal and in the monthly collections.

Soul-consuming passion for lost and perishing souls characterized him. He captured many precious souls for Christ. He knew that "down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, feelings lie buried that grace can restore."

One Sunday afternoon, he and I, going from Ashland to teach at a Sunday-school, met a colored man whom we greeted, and with whom we talked. Presently Brother Harry conversed with him about the things of God, then we got down on our knees, prayed, and tried to lead

that soul to Christ. That spot has been glorified to me since his death.

At Easton, he and a young man went on some pastoral calls. They called on a farmer's family, all of whom were in the field. They went out into the field and met the family. Harry, before leaving, read some Scripture, prayed and conversed with the family about their souls, leaving them deeply impressed and in tears.

I was at his home last autumn when he was conducting his revival services. He had engaged me to preach at night for him. While I was in the study, preparing for the evening service, a young man called at the parsonage and was invited into the parlor, and, before long, I heard someone praying for and conversing with a precious soul. Thus did his love for Christ and for immortal souls impel him forth to capture men, women and children for Him who said, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Harry's diadem will be resplendent through all eternity.

The Conference after his first child was born, Harry walked up to me and patting me on the shoulder, said, "George, that child has opened up avenues of love closed before." And so death, which came so sudden and wrung our heart-strings, has opened up to him avenues hitherto closed.

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REV. HARRY W. BURRUSS

Sixteen years ago, the fifteenth of last November, there matriculated with us a young fellow with a bright face and a brighter eye, and with a bearing and appearance which was most encouraging. The movement of his whole body as he walked about the building showed vigor: there was every indication of stored energy. That first impression never left the writer, but rather grew upon him with a closer acquaintance, and has become one of the assets of one of the finest characters it has ever been his good fortune to know.

The first months in school were devoted by him to "catching up" with his classes; but it was not long before the force within him began to make itself felt. He "made good" with the boys and in his classes, and everywhere; but that was only part of his work after all.

Harry Burruss, as we knew him and called him, could not have been satisfied with merely looking after his own interests. Nor could he have been satisfied with limiting his activities to his own interests and to those which centered in the Academy life around him. His spirit was that of the missionary.

During his second and third years, he did much clerical work for the Principal, Dr. B. W. Bond, in addition, he began what was real missionary work in Warren County around the Academy. His activities grew as the months passed. Sunday-school work was done; visiting the homes of the poor and reading the Bible in them was done. He organized the work and interested his fellow students in it. Some who read this will recall the case of Branch Williams, for whom a house was built.

The writer has known no one who could accomplish quite so much. His energy appeared inexhaustible, and he neglected nothing. He found time to look after the small boys, and to help the larger ones. I almost envied him his ability to do things. He set us an example which has been invaluable since in the work of the Academy. All of us know what he did after he went to Randolph-Macon College and entered upon his active work in the ministry. May his mantle fall upon many who knew him! For my part, I have been and will ever be grateful that it was my good fortune to know him so intimately.

CHARLES L. MELTON.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear friend, Rev. Harry
W. Burruss.

Just as the flowers grow up in spring
And show their tender face,
Growing upward to reach the light,
With a charming grace;
But how soon the blight or frost o'ertakes
And nips its tender stems,
And naught of life or beauty is left
Where there were fragrant gems.

And so as childhood blossoms into youth,
A strong and upright man,
Who seems a giant of strength and truth
Who could anything withstand;
But all unseen a foe lurks near,
Ready to sweep away
The stronger of the strongest men
Without an hour's delay.

And so it was with my dear friend,
A man so full of youth,
Who always stood for God and right
And purity and truth;
A man of great and noble rank
Who showed a charming grace,
That you could but see Heaven itself
Within his smiling face.

But he was through his work on earth,
 His race had been well run,
 And he came to meet his Lord at last,
 A victor's crown he'd won.
 And as he waited for the end
 His blessed Lord said, "Come!"
 And bore him over the rolling tide;
 And he calmly entered home.

Yet though we mourn because he's gone
 We would not wish him back;
 But we'll with courage press right on
 Along the beaten track;
 And may the influence of his life,
 Inspire a life of love;
 And lead us on to greater works
 For God and Heaven above.

CLARENCE A. PLUMMER.

*Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Virginia,
 May 19, 1909.*

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*RESOLUTIONS OF APPRECIATION
FROM THE CHURCH*

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the First Quarterly Conference of the Gaithersburg Charge, May nineteenth, nineteen hundred and nine, and a copy of same was ordered to be sent to the family of Brother Burruss, and to the *Baltimore Southern Methodist*.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from his field of labor in His cause our beloved pastor, friend and brother, the Reverend Harry W. Burruss; and,

WHEREAS, With hearts bowed down by our own personal loss, and with sympathy for those who stood nearer and dearer to him, we come to pay one more tribute of affection to the memory of one we all loved; and,

WHEREAS, A review of his work for the Church, for the community at large and for us as individuals during the two years in which he labored as our pastor and friend, renders it impossible for us, with our finite minds, to see or to feel other than regret and sorrow for the early closing of that life which, in its short

span, has done so much to build up the kingdom of God and to bring His people closer to each other and to Him, and which appeared to promise so much for the future; and,

WHEREAS, Being unable to understand, we nevertheless bow in humble submission to the will of Almighty God, in full faith that He who doeth all things well, who is too good to be unkind and too wise to make mistakes, would not have permitted the life work of our beloved pastor to be cut off during the full vigor of his youth and usefulness but that out of our affliction might come the advancement of His kingdom; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we render thanks unto his and our God that our brother was sent to us as pastor, and for the years of his labor and of love given to us in His service; and that, as the strongest evidence of our love and confidence in him, we pledge ourselves to carry on the work he loved so well, and to live up to those high standards of Christian work, charity and love of which he was so bright an example;

Resolved, further, That we tender his family, in their affliction, our deepest sympathy, and the assurance that we also loved him.

WM. H. TALBOTT,
Secretary.

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FROM THE EPWORTH LEAGUE

Resolutions adopted by the Epworth League of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Gaithersburg, Maryland, May seventh, nineteen hundred and nine:

WHEREAS, In the order of Divine Providence, our beloved pastor, Reverend Harry W. Burruss, has been called from active labor here to a greater work on high.

Resolved, first, That we recognize the great loss that our League and every organization of our Church has sustained in his death—for he was always present at our League meetings, and never tired to do good in spreading the Gospel, or ministering to the souls and bodies of his fellow man;

Resolved, second, That we have never seen excelled in a pastor such untiring zeal and faithfulness to every work of his Church and League;

Resolved, third, That his Christian example and influence in our midst was of the highest standard, and his life will always be an inspiration to us co-workers, who knew and loved him,

to carry on the great work in our Master's cause more zealously;

Resolved, fourth, That we extend to the bereaved wife and family our heartfelt sympathy, and pray that the God of all grace and love may sustain and comfort their hearts;

Resolved, fifth, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our League, a copy sent to the bereaved family of our deceased pastor, and a copy to the *Southern Methodist* for publication.

THOS. J. OWEN,
ELEZE F. CRAWFORD,
MAMIE B. BRIGGS,
Committee.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND RESPECT

WHEREAS, We, the Epworth League of Providence Church, Howard Circuit, Md., having heard of the sad death of Rev. Harry W. Burruss, who was so well known to us, wish to offer these resolutions as a tribute of love for this Fellow Leaguer; therefore, be it

Resolved, first, That we extend to the family of our dear brother our deepest sympathy and assure them of our earnest prayers in this sad hour. We will ever hold in fond remembrance his visit to our League Rally, and his encouraging words will be an inspiration to us. And that we will endeavor to have more of that missionary spirit that filled his heart.

Resolved, second, That while our hearts are filled with sadness that his work is so soon over, we can still rejoice in the many souls he led into the light, the *stars* now shining in his crown, and for the example he has left us in his noble Christian character and consecrated life.

Resolved, third, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of the

League, a copy be sent to Mrs. Burruss, and
one be sent *The Baltimore Southern Methodist.*

C. L. KENNARD, *Pastor,*
MINNIE OWINGS, *President,*
C. H. IGLEHART, *Mis'y President,*
MELVIN A. DAY, *Secretary.*

RESOLUTION

Be it Resolved, That whereas it has pleased Almighty God, the Supreme Grand Master, to remove from our membership our beloved brother, Rev. Harry W. Burruss, in sorrowing submission to the one who doeth all things well, we point with fraternal remembrance to amiable and exemplary character of our departed brother. We also recommend to our sorrowing brethren the benefits and advantages of his Christian life, while in our midst.

Be it also Resolved, That a copy of the above resolution be spread on the minutes of Aberdeen Lodge, 187, A. F. & A. M.

That a similar copy be presented to the bereaved family as an assurance of our heartfelt sympathy, and that a like copy be published in our town paper, *The Aberdeen Enterprise*.

WM. H. JACOBS,
FRED'K O. VIELE,
W. B. BAKER.

